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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Anthony Eden

Poor meddlesome Tony
You think you're a Boney
A modern Machiavelli.

But when Rome-ing you went
The Duce's contempt
As the French say—was
Deep down in his belly.

L.H.

Mr. Eden has not yet told us what the bribe was, he offered to Stalin—WAS IT INDIA? That would be the only intelligent explanation for the White Paper having been forced down our throats *nolens volens*.

**

As Others See Us

Lady Houston, in her weekly periodical, left off belabouring Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Chamberlain for a change, and gave Mr. Anthony Eden a piece of her mind almost as large as the area which was to be given to Abyssinia.

Personally, I would like to have heard Sir John Simon on the subject. He would be less than human if he did not find an ironical satisfaction in the dilemma of the gentleman who succeeded to 40 per cent. of his office.

Sunday Referee.

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When Sailors Fought in Satin

Imagine men of the British Navy, the crew of the "Tiger," of 74 guns, with tiger-skin coats on their backs, petticoats of tiger-skin, and caps to match of the same striped fur.

A most remarkable effect, strange and bizarre, in an old "Wooden Wall"! Here is no scene from Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera or even a 1935 revue. It represents the actual dress worn by men of the Fleet, not in the Thames, but when

there was a Royal Review at Spithead, a century or so ago, akin to that planned as part of the Silver Jubilee.

Only rarely in its centuries of existence has the British Navy been dressed in "Navy blue."

During Tudor times the colour of the British Navy was green and white up to the days of Mary Queen of Scots, when sky-blue was chosen.

Red came next, because it was the Stuart colour, "fyne red cloth and velvet for garding" liberally embroidered with ships, roses, or crowns.

After the Puritan period of buff and brown came the later Stuart colours of red and yellow; for officers, yellow coats lined with red, red breeches and red stockings, or coats lined with yellow, over grey breeches with white stockings.

In 1748 our naval officers were without a uniform.

Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. John Forbes was summoned to attend on the First Lord of the Admiralty. He found the Duke of Bedford, then the First Lord, in his apartment surrounded by various "dresses" which draped his furnishings. Admiral the Hon. John was asked his preference. Being a loyal soul, he was emphatic for the national colours, red and blue or blue and red, he did not much care which way they went.

"No," replied the First Lord, his Grace of Bedford. "The King has determined otherwise, for having seen my duchess riding in a habit of blue faced with white, the dress took the fancy of his Majesty, who has appointed it for the uniform of the British Navy!"

So it came about that as from April 13, 1748, admirals, captains, commanders, lieutenants and midshipmen appeared in uniforms of the colours which the duchess had worn so well when riding in the Mall.

Daily Express.

The Double Deal

What we gather from the proceedings at the Central Hall, Westminster, is pretty much what we had expected. Mr. Lloyd George has returned to politics and proposes to take a hand in the next elections, not as the head of a family but as the leader of a party. This Convention of Peace and Reconstruction, these Councils of Action, central and local, are the machinery improvised to that end. After many years of wandering he has come back, like Enoch Arden, to the little port of Liberalism and Nonconformity, from which he set out, we dare not say how many years



ago. But he is not content to look at the "ruddy square of comfortable light," and pass away unnoticed. Renunciation was never much in his line. He claims his household and his home, and Sir Herbert Samuel, who has played the blameless rôle of Philip in the story, must have had disquieting thoughts of dispossession as he sat in silence on that crowded platform. Mr. Lloyd George told that audience of Liberal and Nonconformist brethren—and possibly they believed him—that he had left his orchards unwillingly, not of his own motion, but at their invitation. Nevertheless he was there:

I have (he said) done so with reluctance; but here I am, and as far as I am concerned I mean to go through with it.

Mr. Lloyd George's speech took the measure of those of whom he proposes to make his party. He presumes, it is plain, upon the shortness of their memories and the limits of their understandings. He denounced the national defences as "the mechanism of slaughter." There was a time when, as Minister of Munitions, he was engaged in their manufacture, and in candour he might have informed his audience how in the hands of our young men they saved the country from invasion and defeat. Munitions are neither good nor bad, but as they are used: they may be the "mechanism of slaughter" but they may also mean the preservation of peace. All this Mr. Lloyd George knows from experience; but what he gave to his audience was merely the cant and claptrap of disarmament. After suggesting that armaments were the cause of the Great War, which is like suggesting that bolts, bars and jemmies are the cause of burglary, he went on to condemn for its harshness the Treaty of Versailles, although he had a great hand in framing it. He proceeded

to the slander that a British Government prevented the abolition of military and naval aviation, and encouraged, by the reception of one fairy-tale, gave currency to another—that "Germany offered to abolish submarines altogether and that we were not prepared to accept it."

Such is the appeal—to prejudice and ignorance—upon which Mr. Lloyd George proposes to found his new party. He must know the dangerously low state of our defences; he certainly understands what their failure would mean to this country, yet of the prudence of preparation not a word. All he offers as the fruit of his experience is to flatter the belief that we can avoid war by refusing to prepare against it. As to the methods which he proposes for his "Councils of Action," they are calculated to defeat just those political candidates who have the courage and honesty to stand for adequate defences and against ruinous expenditure. These Councils are to be formed in every constituency; they are to put every candidate through a pacifist inquisition, and if the answers are not satisfactory to the inquisitors, the forces of Nonconformity and Liberalism are to be mobilised against him.

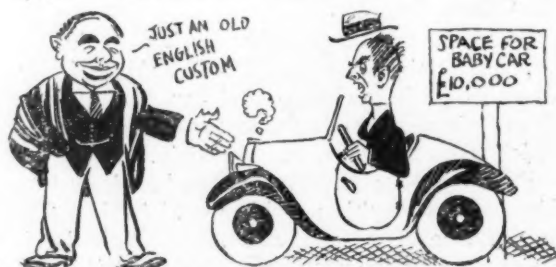
Morning Post.

A Bad Old Custom

When a motor-coach parks in some central London streets, Mr. Belisha tells us, it covers £40,000 worth of ground.

A fabulous value—an artificial value. A value due to our habit of concentrating all business in a tiny area in each city.

A London newspaper must be near Fleet-street. A lawyer has to work in the Temple. A shipping office must be in Leadenhall-street. It is an old English custom and a bad one.

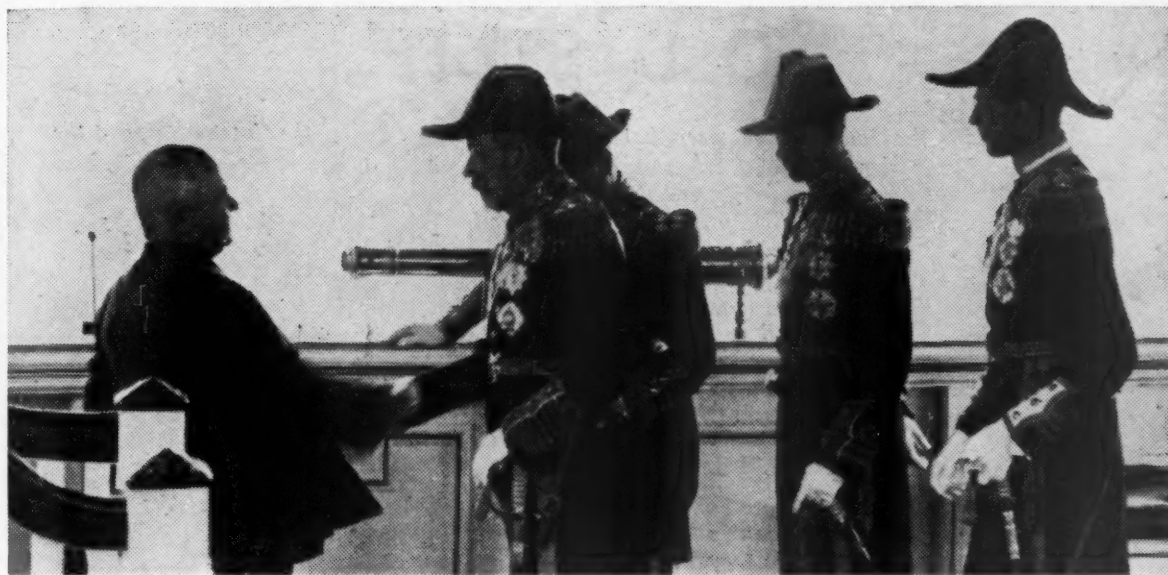


Let us break ourselves of this habit—let us dissipate our industries so that we can live near our work and save all the money, the time, and the effort we spend daily in getting to and from our jobs.

Sunday Express.

Lessening Noise

There was plenty of noise for those who liked it at Lord Horder's reception at the Science Museum on Wednesday, which marked the opening of the anti-noise exhibition. Boots tramped mechanically



Nearly every type of vessel afloat was represented in the review. The merchant navy had its place. Here the King in seen greeting the master of a fishing vessel aboard the Victoria and Albert.

with leaden feet to and fro over a thinly-laid floor, while sewing machines, vacuum-cleaners, typewriters and pianolas were let loose in a chorus of din to show the evils of noise both within and without a room which is not sound-proof.

Noise, too, could be listened to through stethoscopes and it was a relief to pass into the silence zone, where floors were "quilted" and silent typewriters, refrigerators, road-drills, milk vans and dust vans had been planted, as it were, in a grove of silence.

One of the latest silent road-drills was on view. The city of Westminster recently decided to use nothing but drills of this type for the future. It weighs 5½ pounds, which is little more than the weight of the ordinary ripper with open exhaust,



while the advantage it has in saving the workmen's nervous system is incalculable.

Silent exhaust pipes for cars were also on view, silent gearboxes for 'buses and rubber blocks for street-paving, which are shock-absorbing, non-skid and require neither sanding, tar-spraying, nor gritting. If anything is done towards the abatement of noise, the Government would do well by making the use of some of these appliances compulsory.

A vibroscope showing a cross section of a model of the House of Commons, dipped in water, gave

an interesting illustration of sound waves in their relation to room acoustics. Sound waves were sent out through the water, and could be seen rebounding from the walls of the cross section and registering echoes and noise at their loudest points.

Catholic Herald.

"Economic Sanctions"

Now, will all the good people, earnestly desiring peace, who signed the "Peace" Ballot really begin to THINK about what they signed.

They signed: That if a nation (like Italy) made war on another (like Abyssinia) they would support the trade boycott, cutting-off of communications, withholding of supplies from that aggressor nation (such as is now being considered).

Do the "Peace" Ballot signatories believe, on mature reflection, that such action can end in anything short of war?

What blockade can do, and be, as an engine of war Lord Cecil knows—none better. He was British Minister of Blockade in the war.

Daily Express.

Treaty-Breakers

When is a "sacred treaty" not a sacred treaty?

When it suits the League of Nations Union advocates to forget about it.

They say that Britain must stand by the Treaty of Locarno, though it has been broken over and over again by other signatories.

But the friends of the League who are ready to cede British Somali territory to Abyssinia forget that Britain has signed three treaties with the Somali tribes which guarantee them British protection.

Those are treaties which have not been broken.

Daily Express.

OLD STUFF

(It was stated in the Commons last week that in 1941 the average age of the Capital Ships of the British Navy would be twenty-three-and-a-half years).

I saw a great fleet anchored off Spithead,
 Ship upon ship, a wonder to behold,
 Flying the British ensign, white and red;
 It should have thrilled, but somehow left me cold.
 For many of the ships were passing old,
 Mere coffins for the brave but helpless dead,
 Should they in future warfare come to grips
 With newer and more formidable ships.

The days are gone when valour could dispel
 The odds that lie in numbers, weight and skill,
 Else might they live who died at Coronel,
 And Jutland's heroes might be with us still:
 The war of Science knows no "just as well,"
 Nor wit nor enterprise nor iron will
 Can keep a ship afloat for half an hour
 Against a foe with higher speed and power.

The price of admiralty is passing high;
 You cannot starve the Navy and be strong;
 Cheeseparing votes and cutting down supply,
 May do for once but will not do for long.
 We built no ships in hopes that by and by
 Others would do as we did: we were wrong,
 And now we must dip deep into the chest
 To keep the Navy even second best.

War's a temptation we can well resist,
 And yet it may not be for us to choose;
 And who will feed the snarling pacifist
 Once the high seas are no more ours to use?
 The hungry Red will shake a futile fist,
 And panic seize upon the alien Jews,
 When grisly hunger knocks upon the gate,
 And wisdom comes — as usual — too late.

No longer does Britannia rule the wave,
 Nor could she even take on any two
 Countries of Europe, should they misbehave,
 For though the Navy's big it's far from new,
 And sending seamen to a watery grave
 In ships unfit for what they've got to do
 Is simply throwing human lives away
 To speed the game the politicians play.

I saw a great fleet lying off the shore;
 From gun to gun saluting salvos burst.
 I thought of bygone battles — Elsinore,
 Trafalgar, Camperdown, the Glorious First
 Of June, St. Vincent and of many more,
 Of foes discomfited and fleets dispersed,
 And thought again, "England still has the men
 But will not build the ships as she did then."

HAMADRYAD.

THE WEST TOXTETH— —BY-ELECTION

By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

Again West Toxteth—that staunch Conservative Constituency under my late husband—have returned a Socialist. Why? Simply because Conservatives see no difference between a Socialist Government and a “National” Government.

Had Mr. Baldwin’s Government—himself the Conservative Leader—been called CONSERVATIVE it might have been a different story—but Conservatives are so disgusted with the wobbling policy—of Mr. Baldwin that—as all By-elections have shown—they utterly refuse to vote for a Government calling itself “National” which is simply International and Anti-national.

If Mr. Baldwin IS a Conservative why doesn’t he call his Government CONSERVATIVE?

I could say, but I won’t.

Lady Houston sent the following telegram to Mr. Cremlyn—Conservative Candidate for West Toxteth—

BRAVO CREMLYN YOU ARE THE MAN FOR WEST TOXTETH A FIT AND PROPER SUCCESSOR TO MY DEAR HUSBAND SIR ROBERT HOUSTON. GOOD LUCK AND GOD BE WITH YOU. FIGHT FOR CONSERVATISM AND YOU WILL FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT.

LADY HOUSTON.

to which Mr. Cremlyn replied—

DAME LADY HOUSTON.

VERY MANY THANKS FOR YOUR ENCOURAGING TELEGRAM. I AM DOING ALL I CAN BUT THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR SIR ROBERT SAVE YOUR LADYSHIP. WISH YOU COULD HAVE BEEN HERE. HOWEVER I HOPE TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF GIVING YOU A PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF THE CONTEST LATER ON. SINCERELY. CREMLYN.

Comrades of Russia

By Kim

WHEN Mr. Baldwin took on the Premiership—Conservatives naturally expected that the Government would be called a Conservative Government—but when to their astonishment he declared the same name "National" was to be maintained, the daily Press were all strangely dumb on the subject, and they even applauded Mr. Baldwin's (a Conservative) extraordinary promotion of certain politicians with no pretensions to Conservatism, although they must have known quite well what the average man in the street thought about it all when he considered that Mr. Baldwin was the Leader of the Conservative Party.

This singular unanimity is not, perhaps, so spontaneous as it might seem, for to-day the Government are using many powerful weapons with which they are able to threaten even the greatest of Press magnates, and hence it is not surprising to see newspapers suddenly changing their tone from the stern critic to the docile supporter. We, of the *Saturday Review*, know from many experiences how devious and relentless can be this pressure to prevent frank criticism.

Thus it was left to the Socialist Party to voice the views of many Conservatives on Mr. Baldwin's new assortment of Ministers. An example of this Press agreement not to criticise the personnel of the Government, was seen in the debate last week, when Mr. Lansbury, the Leader of the Opposition, and other members, including Conservatives, had hard things to say about Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet and particularly about the elevation of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, son of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, to be Secretary of State for the Colonies. No Daily of leading position, except one, touched upon it, and yet insinuations were made which in former years would have roused all the Ministerial Press to paroxysms of rage. But *as though by concerted action*, they all lay low.

THAT UGLY WORD

Yet what was said was important enough, especially in regard to Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. Mr. Lansbury hinted at that ugly word "corruption." He also said it "left a very nasty taste in the mouth," that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should go from £5,000 a year to £2,000 a year and his son "who has only been in public life a few years, goes to a position of £5,000 a year." Mr. Tom Smith, a Socialist who is respected in the House, said that for the Under-Secretary for the Colonies to become a Cabinet Minister had "left a rather bad taste with large numbers of electors," and it was a belief that he had become Colonial Secretary only because he was the son of his father. Mr. Baldwin was evidently annoyed by these criticisms, but he did not attempt to meet them, although every one was agog to listen. He turned

off the subject to the anomalies of Ministerial salaries which was not the point at all. The whole debate as far as possible was of the "hush-hush" order.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's resignation from the post of Prime Minister has not caused the slightest regret anywhere, but his retention of Cabinet Office as Lord President of the Council—whose importance Mr. Baldwin went out of his way to eulogise—added to the promotion of his son, has caused serious concern. It does not point to a better, but rather to a worse order of things, because Mr. Ramsay MacDonald lurks behind Mr. Baldwin, who has to take the blame and responsibility for all the extraordinary manoeuvres of the Government of which he is now the titular head. Mr. Lansbury, as I have said, hinted at corruption, and others have used the word jobbery. It is no good pretending that Mr. Malcolm MacDonald possesses any following or force in the country, or is the slightest asset to the Government, whose prestige is fast ebbing.

POLITICAL NEPOTISM

With this remarkable piece of political nepotism, we have also to note that the sinister India Bill has now been forced through the Lords as it was through the Commons. Riddled with criticism from every direction, deserted by its spokesman, Sir Samuel Hoare, before it is complete, it has been carried by sheer weight of numbers dead to everything except their £400 a year. It is so weighted with destructiveness of British interests and of the Indians themselves, that everyone except those who dare not speak or whom it pays to support this surrender, are well aware that its operation into law spells the end of our Indian Empire. It carries with it all the ill omens which will plunge India into disaster and anarchy. Such phenomenal legislation against British and Indian interests leaves the world amazed at our imbecility. Looking ahead there is only one country in the world which will gain when India is in the throes of despair and we British have allowed ourselves to be thrown out of our own rights. *That country is Russia.*

Consider then the position. It is common and undisputed knowledge that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was set on giving India a "democratic" constitution, though he knows not a jot or a tittle of the East, but with Russia he is very intimate. He it was forced this India business upon the Government, and though he depended on the Conservative majority to get it through, he did not appear in the foreground himself. He spoke, as far as recollection goes, not at all on the subject, but his was the driving force behind it. There was no mandate for it. No Ministers or Members

of Parliament included it in their programme in 1931. It has been forced through in the teeth of the strongest Conservative opposition in the country and the trickery and evasions in its process are notorious, but one man who dare not offend Russia was determined on this act of surrender and treachery.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald gave up the Premiership when, and only when, the India Bill was certain to go on the Statute Book—India was now safe for Russia who had had a greedy eye on it for over half a century, and when India lies in her grasp, Russia will control practically all Asia excepting China.

Another Big Wobble

By Robert Machray

ROYAL army and air reviews and naval pageants are always, and quite naturally, great successes as spectacles, but that side of them, it must not be forgotten, especially in these dangerous times, is the least part of their national and imperial significance. In this case what really matters is not the show but what it stands for, and if we are honest with ourselves, we cannot fail to realise that the true meaning of our Navy, Army and Air Forces lies predominantly in their absolutely close connection with British policy, particularly abroad.

These Forces are not police, though when necessary they may be called on to supplement the services of the police. They are maintained for the protection of British and Imperial interests throughout the world—in brief, they are the mainstay of foreign policy, and without them no policy, but surrender would be possible. As British and Imperial interests are simply enormous, it might be supposed that there would be a certain proportion between them and these Forces which have them in their keeping—a proportion at once adequate and steadily preserved.

Extraordinary Vacillations

Indeed, this seems obvious, but everybody knows that this proportion does not exist at present, and has not existed for a number of years. Even the spokesmen of our fatuous Government confess that England has disarmed herself to the edge of risk, and all too late these gentry have discovered that by doing so she has nothing like the influence she ought to possess and exercise, diplomatically and otherwise, in foreign affairs. This is true and bad enough, but it is made worse by the extraordinary vacillations in the foreign policy of our wretched Government. Consistent only in its inconsistency, it wobble-wobbles all the time, in a far from brilliant series of zigzags. Its latest performance is characteristic.

In the House of Commons last week, Sir Samuel Hoare, now fully seized of his new dignity as Foreign Secretary, delivered a long speech on the general, highly-critical world-situation and the policy of the Government. A very comprehensive address, it covered Europe, the Far East, America and of course Abyssinia. It was the last-mentioned subject that occupied the mind of the House and of the public at the moment, and sensible people must feel relief in it having been made perfectly clear that the Government has no intention of attempting to

coerce Italy by "sanctions" of any kind whatsoever. That way madness lies. Even the right of Italy to expand was recognised.

But what about the League? It is no secret that all through last week efforts which might well be described as frantic were made to save it from destruction. M. Avenol, its Secretary-General, came to London from Geneva to work on our Government not so much to try to prevent a war in East Africa as to keep the League in existence—and had not Mr. Baldwin said only the other day that the Covenant of the League was the sheet-anchor of British policy? It was known that Signor Mussolini was not to be moved from the uncompromising stand he had taken up. Therefore the pressure had to be applied to Abyssinia, not to Italy.

Reducing the Status

Friends of the League can scarcely congratulate it on its recent record respecting Abyssinia, as it is so deeply stained with tergiversation and hypocrisy, not to say downright cowardice, but what must be thought of the League if there is any truth in the statement, now being given the widest publicity by the papers, to the effect that it is to find salvation by "reducing the status" of that country—a euphemism for kicking it out of the League, on the ground that it should never have been allowed to become a member? Surely, if this report is correct, the end of this miserable League of trickery and deceit cannot be far off! What a sheet-anchor for British policy! But what a Government!

Sir Samuel Hoare had a good deal to say about other aspects of the Government's foreign policy, and it was with regard to high politics on the Continent that another big wobble by Downing Street was disclosed. Its last big wobble—the Anglo-German Naval Agreement—was held by France and Italy to favour Germany to such an extent as to shatter the solidarity of the three Western Powers achieved at Stresa and confirmed at Geneva. Whatever measure of collective security had been attained disappeared like a dissolving dream. France was both resentful and suspicious.

This new wobble is as nearly a complete *volte-face* as may be. France was delighted with the Foreign Secretary's speech, because she saw in it the defeat of the German idea of separating England from her and the renewal of the Stresa front. Italy also was pleased, because she found in his words a far more sympathetic understanding of her

essential aims in East Africa, and, further, that there was a prospect of obtaining great concessions without going to war, if England, supported by France, brought extreme pressure to bear at Addis Ababa. Besides, Mussolini remained attached to Stresa. "Solidarity" was once more in evidence.

Very different was the reaction of Germany, as was to be expected. Sir Samuel's direct appeal to Herr Hitler has not got an encouraging response,

judging from the hostile tone of the German Press, a tone which it would not have been permitted to employ except with the approval of the German Government. It is possible enough, however, that Germany may think our Government will wobble towards her again before long. What is the sole result to be looked for from these constant chops and changes of policy? To leave us without a friend in the world?

Compulsory Starvation

By Meriel Buchanan

THE last few weeks of warm weather and brilliant sunshine have had a beneficial effect on the crops, and from all quarters comes news that the farmers in England are hopeful of a good harvest. But meanwhile, in Soviet Russia, the peasants are once more being despoiled of the fruits of their labours, by the Government of that country, and are once more facing starvation, misery, disease and death.

The great famine which devastated Russia in 1922 is generally known to the world, but the Soviet have done their best to suppress all the details of the famine of 1933 when five to ten millions of peasants died of hunger—chiefly in the Ukraine, with its rich, fertile soil and spreading fields of beetroot, maize and wheat and grain. News of the "bumper crops" has been loudly broadcast by the Kremlin, but they have been very careful to say nothing about the misery and starvation endured by the peasant farmers, both in 1933 and 1934.

In his radio address across America on January 6th, Mr. Randolph Hearst gave some illuminating descriptions of the conditions now existing in Russia, but though parts of the address were published in some of the English papers, very little notice was taken, and the public as a whole decided to ignore so unpleasant a subject.

"More people are dead by famine in two years than died in the whole five years' slaughter of the world war," Mr. Hearst declared, and gave details of a report published in August 1934, by Dr. Ewald Ammende, Chairman of the International Commission for Relief in Russia.

Farmers Shot Down

"Last year," it is stated in this report, "It was admitted that the grain crop was fair. Even then it was admitted that between five to ten million people died of starvation. Why? Because all available forces are now mobilised with the object of depriving the producer of the grain strictly according to the plan drawn up by the Kremlin months ago. The very existence of the population in the industrial districts, the feeding of the population in the big towns, of the members of the Communist party, of the Red Army, as well as the maintenance of the Grain Export, the chief source of the Soviet Government for getting the much needed Foreign Exchange, depends entirely upon the success of the harvest campaign."

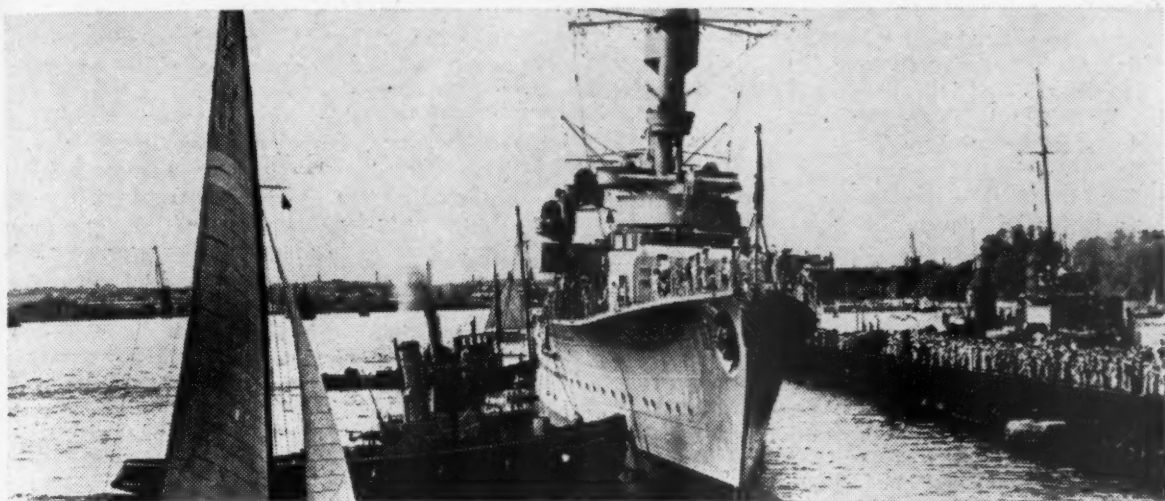
In his address Mr. Hearst also mentioned the thousands of farmers who were shot down by order of the Government because they tried to preserve enough of their own grain to save themselves from starvation, and, even in the Soviet papers, there are photographs of the wooden towers put up in the fields, from which armed guards keep watch on the peasants during the harvest; while letters and documents, in the possession of the "Central Office of Succour for the Churches" and of the "International Commission of the Red Cross," also give proof of the miseries endured by the peasants in the agricultural districts.

Unquestioning Faith

In England, save for the temporary shortage of food after the Great Fire of London in 1666, we have never known the real horrors of a famine such as Russia has endured. Famine! Corpses lying unburied in the streets, mice, or even beetles considered as a luxurious diet, diseased, rickety children with large heads and mis-shapen bodies, women with wasted faces and almost transparent skin stretched tight over their bones, men with wild eyes and trembling hands scavenging in the rust heaps! Millions of people starving, in order that Communism may live, thousands of children dying so that the Red Army and the giant Air Fleet of the Soviet may be maintained!

This year again, the Russian peasants are to be sacrificed in the Kremlin's campaign of spoliation, and thousands more will die to help Krassin and his confederates maintain their position in Europe. To the world at large the Russian peasants are, no doubt, an unknown quantity; but I nursed some of them during the war, I grew to know, and understand a little of their uncomplaining, patient resignation to fate, and I have in my possession copies of some of the letters they wrote to my mother, after they had left the hospital, with parcels of clothes which we gave them to take back to their wives and children.

These letters show the touching gratitude, the simple, unquestioning faith, the untutored gentleness and sweetness of these peasants who have suffered so much and been led so far astray. I have copied a few of them out, hoping that perhaps they may bring some enlightenment and a little sympathy for the unspeakable suffering of these women and children and of these peasant farmers, some of them old soldiers, who fought for us in the Great War.



The German cruiser Karlsruhe on view at Kiel on her return from a world cruise

Germany's Naval Power

THE German naval building programme published recently and providing for the construction of two battleships, two cruisers, 16 destroyers and 28 submarines, seems to indicate that Germany proposes to lose no time in reaching the 35 per cent. ratio granted to her by the Anglo-German Agreement of June 18.

But, while this is certainly true, the German programme represents, so far as practically the whole programme is concerned, the ships which Germany actually had under construction before Herr Hitler made his claim to a 35 per cent. ratio of naval strength relative to the navies of the British Empire.

Thus the publication of the programme has come as no surprise to the inner ring of Admiralty and Foreign Office officials who conducted the negotiations leading up to the Anglo-German naval pact. In fact, it confirms from official German sources rumours and information for which it has hitherto been impossible to obtain official German confirmation.

While there is no surprise in official circles, there is considerable surprise amounting almost to consternation elsewhere.

Pocket Battleships

This German building programme for 1935 is the biggest one-year naval building programme announced by any Power since the Great War and it seems strange that the British Admiralty, aware, though not "officially," of this construction, should have gone out of its way not only to condone this building, but to grant Germany the right to further naval increases.

The *Morning Post* pointed out some time ago that there was evidence to show that the last two of the German "pocket battleships" would emerge as ships very much larger than 10,000 tons. The German programme confirms this.

These two ships, at present known as the Ersatz Elsass and the Ersatz Hanover, appear as vessels of 26,000 tons each. Both these ships were laid down last year, so that their inclusion in the 1935

programme is misleading. Actually, if they were British warships, they would rank as units of a 1933 programme.

Thus, so far as these ships are concerned, Germany has stolen a march of two years upon normal procedure.

There can be no doubt that these two ships have been designed as "replies" to the French Dunkerques. They are to be of almost exactly the same size, and, although their armament is to consist of 11-inch guns as opposed to the French 13-inch weapons, the German ships will carry more guns.

The fact that larger guns are not being mounted in the German ships is not surprising, for the 11-inch weapon has always been a favourite with Germany, and the majority of the ships which fought at Jutland were armed with guns of this calibre.

The speed of the German ships will be about 30 knots, slightly more than that of the French vessels. In any case, the German ships would properly be classed as very powerful battle-cruisers.

Next year we shall have only one under-age ship—the Hood—capable of dealing with ships of this type.

Under the Anglo-German agreement the tonnage allowed to Germany will allow of 66,750 tons of capital ships being built apart from the three "pocket battleships" in commission and the two ships building. This tonnage, combined with the clause in the Agreement which allows of "residue" tonnage being transferred from one category to another, will allow Germany to build two ships of 35,000 tons.

If, as is probable, both these ships are included in the 1936 programme, Germany's battle fleet in 1941 will consist of seven new ships as opposed to our 15, 13 of which will by then be over-age.

Two of the German ships will be larger and more powerful than any of ours, while the remaining five, although smaller and more lightly armed,

must be considered strategically superior owing to their greatly superior speed.

It is considered in Admiralty circles that the aircraft carrier which Germany is planning will be included in the building programme for next year.

So far as is at present known, the 10,000 ton cruisers included in the German programme have not yet been laid down, although their plans were ready before the Anglo-German naval talks took place. It is probable that these ships will mount nine 8-inch guns in triple turrets as has been tried out by Germany in the Königsberg and Leipzig classes with 6-inch guns.

Of the sixteen destroyers of the German programme, at least twelve have already been laid down, and some of them are more than half completed. These ships, of 1,625 tons each and armed with 5-inch guns, will be both larger and more powerful than any British destroyer.

Submarines

If Germany were a signatory to Part III of the London Naval Treaty she would not be allowed to build these ships, for the London Treaty (by which we are bound) lays down that only 16 per cent. of destroyer tonnage can be employed in vessels over 1,500 tons. On the basis of the destroyer tonnage allowed to Germany under the Anglo-German Agreement, Germany is exceeding this percentage by more than three times.

The destroyer construction of the German programme for this year represents a tonnage more than double that approved yearly for this category for the British Navy.

In submarines the German programme provides for the building of no fewer than 28 vessels. This is considerably more than was generally anticipated. The speed at which Germany is building these vessels is demonstrated by the fact that the first submarine was actually in commission only eleven days after the conclusion of the Anglo-German Agreement, and that two more are already in the water.

These German submarines are small, but size is no criterion in submarine construction; a small submarine being capable of doing just as much damage as a large submarine. In this category, therefore, any limitation by ratio of tonnages is ineffective. A numerical comparison is the only comparison showing a relation of strength.

And Germany, although having declared that she will be content with a 45 per cent. ratio to the British Navy in this category—although this ratio was a tonnage ratio—has already provided in this programme for the construction of submarines which will give her a numerical ratio of 65 per cent. in submarines relative to the British Empire.

Only a Minimum

The whole of this German programme is more a declaration of what Germany was planning and even carrying into effect before the signing of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement than a programme based upon that Agreement. It also amply demonstrates that Germany is bent on reaching the 35 per cent. ratio of tonnage to the Navies of the British Empire at the earliest possible moment, and that, moreover, she is considering

this ratio, not in the light of a maximum not to be exceeded, but as a minimum to which she must attain without a moment's delay.

The following table shows the number of ships in each category, both under-age and over-age, which each Power will possess on December 13, 1936—the date upon which the Washington and London Treaties lapse and when we shall be enabled to start replacing our over-age capital ships.

The under-age figures include all ships which will be building or projected on that date, unless further unforeseen events occur. The over-age figures are calculated on the supposition that no ships will be scrapped in the meantime.

In the case of the British Empire the majority of the over-age ships in the cruiser, destroyer and submarine categories will have to be scrapped before December 31, 1936, unless the Escalator Clause of the London Naval Treaty is invoked.

December 31, 1936	British Empire		Germany	
	Under-age	Over-age	Under-age	Over-age
Capital Ships	4	11	7	4
Heavy Cruisers (8 in. guns)	15	4†	5	Nil
Light Cruisers (6 in. guns)	28	20	10	2
Aircraft Carriers	6*	2	2	Nil
Flotilla Leaders and Destroyers	87	118	40‡	4
Submarines	48	18	48§	Nil

† 4 Hawkins class, 2 not over-age, but all to be scrapped by 31-12-36, under London Treaty.

* Includes 4 converted ships replaceable under Washington Treaty at any time.

‡ If Germany continues to build ships of 1,625 tons in this category.

§ At an average size of 500 tons as seems probable in the light of the German programme.

Morning Post Naval Correspondent.

£10,000,000 more for Japan

Japan proposes to increase her naval expenditure next year by about £10,000,000.

The U.S. construction programme for the year beginning July 1, 1936, includes twelve destroyers, six submarines, and possibly a battleship.

Tokyo, July 10.

It is reported on good authority here that the Navy Ministry is presenting to the Finance Ministry draft naval estimates for the year 1935-36, involving an increase of about £10,000,000.

The estimates are reported to total 712,000,000 yen (over £40,000,000 at current rates), which is an increase of 182,000,000 yen compared with the naval expenditure in the current year. The estimates are made up of ordinary expenditure 402,000,000 yen, and extraordinary expenditure 310,000,000 yen.

The Finance Ministry will undoubtedly try to whittle down the Navy's demands, but the Navy Ministry is expected to hold out for a big increase in view of the recent changes in the naval situation.

The general belief is that the suggested London Naval Conference, if held, would merely accentuate the gravity of the situation.—Reuter.

Morning Post.

New Ships for the U.S.

Washington, July 10.

Mr. Swanson, Secretary for the Navy, announced to-day that America's naval construction programme for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1936, would include twelve destroyers, six submarines, and possibly a battleship. He emphasised that the American Navy was "not starting any competition."

Mr. Swanson explained at a Press conference that under the Vinson Act fifty-four warships—36 destroyers and 18 submarines—would be required to bring the United States Fleet up to Treaty strength by 1942. The Minister reiterated that no decision had been reached on the proposal to replace one of the seven battleships which would be over-age on the expiration of the Washington Treaty. Construction of the planned vessels would begin on January 1, 1937, said Mr. Swanson.

Mr. Swanson added that the United States Navy intended to proceed under the Washington and London Naval Treaties so long as the other signatories stayed within their treaty limits. The Minister insisted that Germany's decision to increase her naval strength was "a European matter" and that it did not affect American plans.

At the same time, Rear-Admiral Ernest King disclosed that because of a reduced appropriation for naval 'planes, fewer could be bought than was at first estimated. He said that the Navy wanted to buy 555 during the coming year, of which 282 would be replacements and 273 additions.—Reuter.

Morning Post.

Little Chance for Smaller Ships

Hopes of effecting a reduction in the size and cost of capital ships by international agreement have dwindled almost to infinitesimal proportions in the light of the events of recent months.

This is a matter which must affect the taxpayer most deeply, for the question of replacement of our battle fleet, the greater portion of which is obsolescent, must come to the fore within 18 months, and if, as seems only too probable, no agreement for the reduction of the size of capital ships can be effected, the replacements which will have to be laid down will cost some £8,000,000 apiece.

The Admiralty have repeatedly urged during the last 14 years that the size of capital ships should be limited either to 22,000 tons, carrying eleven-inch guns, or, failing this drastic limitation, to 25,000 tons, carrying twelve-inch guns.

But these proposals have been wrecked time after time by the desire of the United States for ships of far larger size.

The problem recently has been complicated by European countries adopting the 35,000-ton ship as the standard.

The policy of adding ships of the very largest size to existing navies was begun in Europe by Italy when she laid down the Vittorio Veneto and the Littorio last year.

This lead was quickly followed by France, who has approved two similar ships.

And now Germany intends to follow suit. Although her recently announced programme includes capital ships of only 26,000 tons, it is stated that plans are in preparation for the capital ships of next year's programme based upon "the principle of qualitative equality."

These facts have led to the opinion in Admiralty circles that the prospects of a reduction in the size of capital ships are remote.

The fact that ships of the greatest size are under construction does not make agreement impossible; the building of the Italian ships is not so far advanced that they could not be altered to reduce their size.

This would mean considerable delay, and it is doubtful whether Italy would countenance this delay in view of the rapid building of other Powers.

Morning Post Naval Correspondent.

"The Sure Shield of Britain"

(Words used by the King when speaking of the Navy in 1915.)

The sower goes forth sowing,
The fisher plies his net,
The factory fires are glowing,
We plough our furrows yet.
Whence comes our grace to till the field?
Under the Lord—from "Ships—our Shield!"

The voice of happy reaper
Is heard throughout the land.
Peaceful—the toil-worn sleeper
Rests—for "our bulwarks" stand
Sleepless—for grace to reap our field
Comes from the Lord—and "Ships—our Shield!"

Our children go forth, gaily
To desk, and work, and play,
While, unmolested, daily,
We pass upon our way.
We should, for this, our heart's thanks yield
Unto the Lord—and "Ships—our Shield!"

From east and west—from south and north,
The Empire's long-linked chain
Of laden ships go safely forth
Bearing the Toiler's grain.
That they sail safe—our thanks we yield
Unto the Lord—and "Ships—our Shield."

Another chain doth bind us
(All other links above)
To God—and King and Country—
The Golden Chain of Love!
For Peace on earth—our thanks we yield
Unto the Lord—and "Ships—our Shield!"

Ponder—and put from out you
The evil from your Coasts.
Stand clean! Then never doubt you
The Lord goes with your hosts!
And God His Mighty Power shall wield
Through His Good Grace—for "Ships—our Shield."

MERIEL LEESON-MARSHALL.

Captain Tamm Talks

on the Dying Art of Sail

By Sir Herbert Russell, K.B.E.

WE had got through lunch with never a reference to lobsouse, Harriet Lane or salt horse. That abominable word, "windjammer," was tacitly taboo. When we made passing mention of "chanties" it was with sibilant inflection to emphasise that the word is *not* "shanties." For Captain Sune Tamm had left his four-masted barque, Abraham Rydberg, unloading wheat in the Millwall Dock to come and lunch with me, and neither of us is a "turnpike sailor."

True, I swallowed a murmur of surprise on seeing him for the first time after many months of postal friendship. I had pictured a square, hearty Scandinavian shellback, "every finger a fishhook, every hair a ropeyarn," with a tuft on his chin and probably swinging a whalebone walking stick. A smart English car stopped at my door, fitted for becketts to sling it aboard, and out sprang six feet of dapper masculine symmetry, clean-shaven, bronzed, laughing clever blue eyes, greeting me in cultured English. Instinctively I exclaimed "Naval?" He answered, "Yes, years of it. My old shipmate, the Swedish Naval Attaché, wrote to me to look you up."

So much for a typical "windjammer old man," and I rather suspected that otherwise than in his personality he would contradict the conventional pictures of life and people in sailing ships which are being dishd-up nowadays at the rate of about three a week. He did.

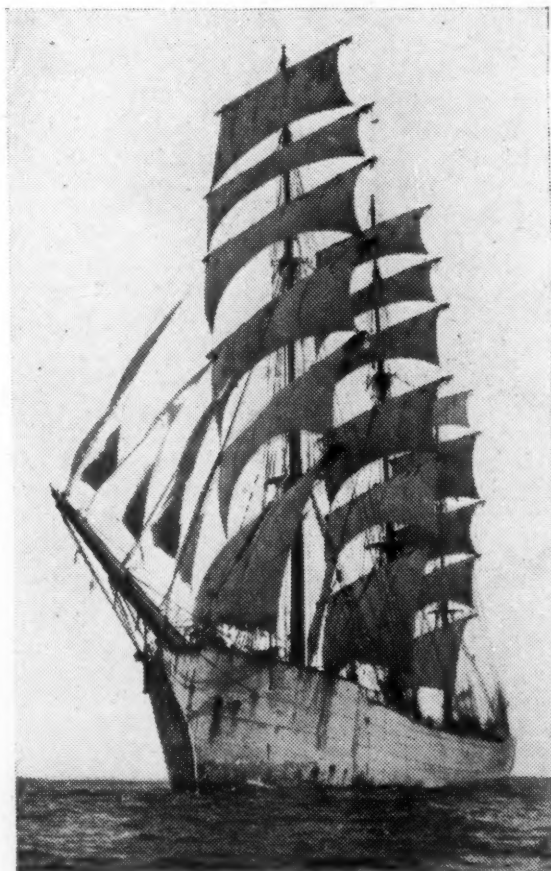
We talked about the future of sail. That is to say, we rather dolefully agreed that it had none. He spoke sympathetically about the effort which Sir William Garthwaite is making to restore a single square-rigger to the Red Ensign, which was carried down in his last four-master, Garthpool.

"It is curious to realise," said he, "that, although there is not an ocean-going sailing ship left under the British flag, it is the British Empire alone which enables the vessels of Finland, Germany and my own country to keep going." I confess this had not struck me before. But Australia for wheat is all that is left now to white wings. Chile for nitrate is as dead as dividends on that country's bonds. And even Australia—?

Sail will survive, Captain Tamm believes, only just as long as it can go on giving service that is wanted. All the sailing ships go into the great Spencer Gulf to collect freights from the wheat areas in that region. The ports are comparatively primitive; communications undeveloped; and steamers, with their much heavier working costs, cannot afford to go to these places in ballast, wait for weeks in the hope of a charter, and then probably have to load in dribbles, lying-off at anchor. But some day in the not distant future this will

be all changed, and then canvas will be furled for the last time.

I asked him what sort of a race this season had produced. He replied by expressing regret that certain newspapers have coined the phrase "Annual grain race," and some of them try to impart to it the excitement of the old tea races. Nothing could be more calculated to hasten the end than attempts at record making. Neither the ships nor their crews are able to do what the famous clippers did. They have to work on rigidly economic methods to keep going, and dare not risk blowing away sails or losing spars if it is possible to avoid it. In the great days of sail



A typical ship of the grain fleet under all plain sail. Her sails are small in comparison with the spread made by the old clippers

the best skipper was the man who could drive his ship hardest. His asset lay in his reputation for speed. To-day the best sailing skipper is the best "ship's husband." Of course, all strive to make good passages.

The blue ribbon this year has gone to the German four-masted barque Priwall. She belongs to

the famous "P" line, and was built in Germany in 1920. The Abraham Rydberg was built on the Clyde in 1892, is very much smaller, and was never a fast ship. The Germans believe that fast passages are good for business, and the owners demand that their captains shall get all they can out of their vessels. They do not trouble about "ship husbandry"; they start them well, and let them run out. On the other hand, they make a science of rigging them with exceptional strength.

Abraham Rydberg, Captain Tamm told me, was a far-sighted Swede who realised the necessity of fostering the maritime spirit in his country. He died about the middle of last century, leaving a sum of money in trust for carrying on the work of deep-sea training. The Abraham Rydberg is primarily a cadet training ship. She does not seek profit by cargo-carrying; all that the trustees aim at is to make her self-supporting. On the average she carries some forty young gentlemen, many of them English. Her professional crew is very small. She is thoroughly well found, and life in her goes very well, for, as Captain Tamm said, it is not always blowing hard in a sailing ship as the "Way down Rio" writers would have us believe, and probably for four-fifths of a voyage the cry is for more wind rather than less.

We talked about the value of training in sail—it is it really worth while trying to perpetuate a dying art? Captain Tamm believes that the influence of

sail training is "imponderable." Much that has to be learnt in any case is acquired.

"To ask, 'What's the good of it?' would wash out much in life. I know my boys can learn navigation at a school ashore. I know they can learn all they really need to know about knotting and splicing by joining the Boy Scouts. Still, nowhere else but in a sailing ship can you get that intimate contact with Mother Ocean which breeds the sea sense. For example, when we are becalmed in the Doldrums I get the boats out and have boat drill. I watch the youngsters musing upon the picture the ship makes and guess that they are thinking deep. You cannot do this sort of thing in a steamer. I am not unduly impressed by the talk about developing muscle and resource, but I do think that the shaping of character at an impressionable age may mean a lot to the fully-fledged sailor."

I inquired when he was sailing again. He replied that he was taking his ship home to be thoroughly surveyed as usual, and expected to start for Australia early in August. He would get better winds in the North Atlantic by an early departure and be able to spend a few days at Madeira, which made a pleasant break for the boys. Then came the question that I was dreading. He had a spare cabin, would I come with him? I suppose there are moments in every man's life when he feels strongly tempted to exclaim, "Oh, blow everything!" and leave it all behind him.

After Twenty Years

By A. A. Edwards

THE presence this week of the "mite" of Britain's Naval strength off Spithead for the Royal Review brings a reminder to many hundreds of men who, but for the British Navy, would never have returned from Gallipoli. Among these men are many still just on the right side of forty, and it is on behalf of these men that this tribute is paid to "Jack Tar" for giving us an opportunity to return to this "land fit for heroes to live in."

It was just about this time twenty years ago that the "Royal George" was steaming towards the Aegean Sea bearing hundreds of young Territorials to take their part in the expedition carried out on that section of hell known as Suvla Bay.

We of the then younger generation had little thought for anything but the great adventure upon which we had embarked. The fact that we had been transported in safety so far was no concern of ours; the main thing that we appreciated was that, we were to be given a chance to prove of what stuff we were made.

On the island of Mudros we had our final preparation for our baptism of fire and then with all the eagerness of youth we set forth—still watched over and guarded by the Navy. With our faithful escort we approached Suvla Bay, our first glimpse of that place of tragic memories being the hills

behind Anafarta, over which we could see ominous puffs of white smoke.

Soon those puffs of smoke, with their accompanying messages of death, were to surround us, and after half an hour or so, those of us who were born under lucky stars, planted our feet on the soil. It was only then, when the Turk made his presence really felt, that our thoughts turned towards the Navy still keeping watch over us. The sight of that faithful watch-dog behind us was ever a comfort during the ghastly months that followed.

At the age of seventeen, under such conditions as we experienced from Suvla Bay down to Walker's Ridge, Lone Pine, and Anzac, it was difficult to analyse one's thoughts and reactions, but in the twenty years that have passed since then, memories of those days have caused many a cold shiver down the spine at the thought of what might have happened but for the presence of the Navy, to make our existence at least partially secure.

History has recorded something of the happenings on that tragic peninsula but for those who served there, on whatever part of the line, was the knowledge that, but for the guardianship of the Navy, the Turks, by virtue of numbers, might have swept us into the sea.

Gentlemen of the Royal Navy. We, who returned from Gallipoli, salute you.

The Making of a Seafarer

By "D.48"

THERE is no question in my mind that "time" in sail gave a wonderful training. But to-day windjammers are a thing of the past, and I doubt very much whether a boy really has time to go to sea in sail as so very much more is required of him. Unless sailing ships can be run primarily as a commercial proposition, it is absolutely impossible to reproduce the same conditions and atmosphere as existed in the real days of sail, when every man and boy had to pull his weight. Therefore, I cannot see any argument for a sailing (cum Diesel) training ship where unfortunate parents have to make up in high premiums for the absence of freight returns. So nothing remains but sea training with a two-year grounding for the lucky ones aboard one of the School Ships or Pangbourne.

Routine Work

I think that only selected companies which can show that they have the proper facilities should be allowed to carry apprentices. In any case, most tramp companies should be excluded, especially those having four or less ships. Further, the numbers should be limited to four or at most six in each ship. No company should be allowed to train more than they can absorb, making due allowance for wastage by death, unfitness, etc. Some definite form of training whilst at sea should be adopted. I suggest that first and second year boys should work all day only, "turning to" at the same time as the crew.

Before breakfast they should be employed in the ordinary cleaning up of decks and their quarters. After breakfast, in the routine work of the ship, but be given every opportunity to learn and practise such things as wire and rope splicing, sewing and repairing canvas and/or any sailing job. Naturally, they should be taught to chip iron rust, wash paint and paint the ship, but not be kept continuously at these jobs. Whenever conditions are suitable, daily if possible, they should be made to take sights for longitude and meridian altitude for latitude. Then from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. should be occupied working out their sights and any other scholastic work under the supervision of an officer, alternated with spells at the wheel learning to steer. Unfortunately, as a rule, Merchant Officers are not good schoolmasters either by training or inclination. But under a regular routine I believe that this difficulty would be gradually overcome. From 4 p.m. to 6 p.m., weather permitting, they should play games such as deck tennis, boxing, etc., as I do not think they get sufficient exercise at sea in the ordinary course of events.

Third and fourth year boys should keep watches on the bridge with the officer on duty. During the day, when not close to land, should be occupied in steering or learning the intricacies of the

Direction Finder, Echo Sounder and a hundred and one other gadgets that are constantly being introduced. Also, of course, finding ship's position, error of compass and chart work. Perhaps they should attend the ordinary afternoon school. Boys should stay in one ship at least a year or eighteen months, for I believe they cannot learn the practical side of their ship's construction in much less. Also it takes about that length of time to form an accurate opinion of a boy's capabilities. Of course this will probably mean that it will take a boy longer to get his time in owing to time lost whilst his ship is in home ports. The B.O.T. examinations seem to me sufficiently difficult as they are without making an honours degree as has been suggested elsewhere. But I do think it should be compulsory to have a working knowledge of at least one, if not two, foreign languages, such as German, Spanish, French or Japanese.

Annual Examinations

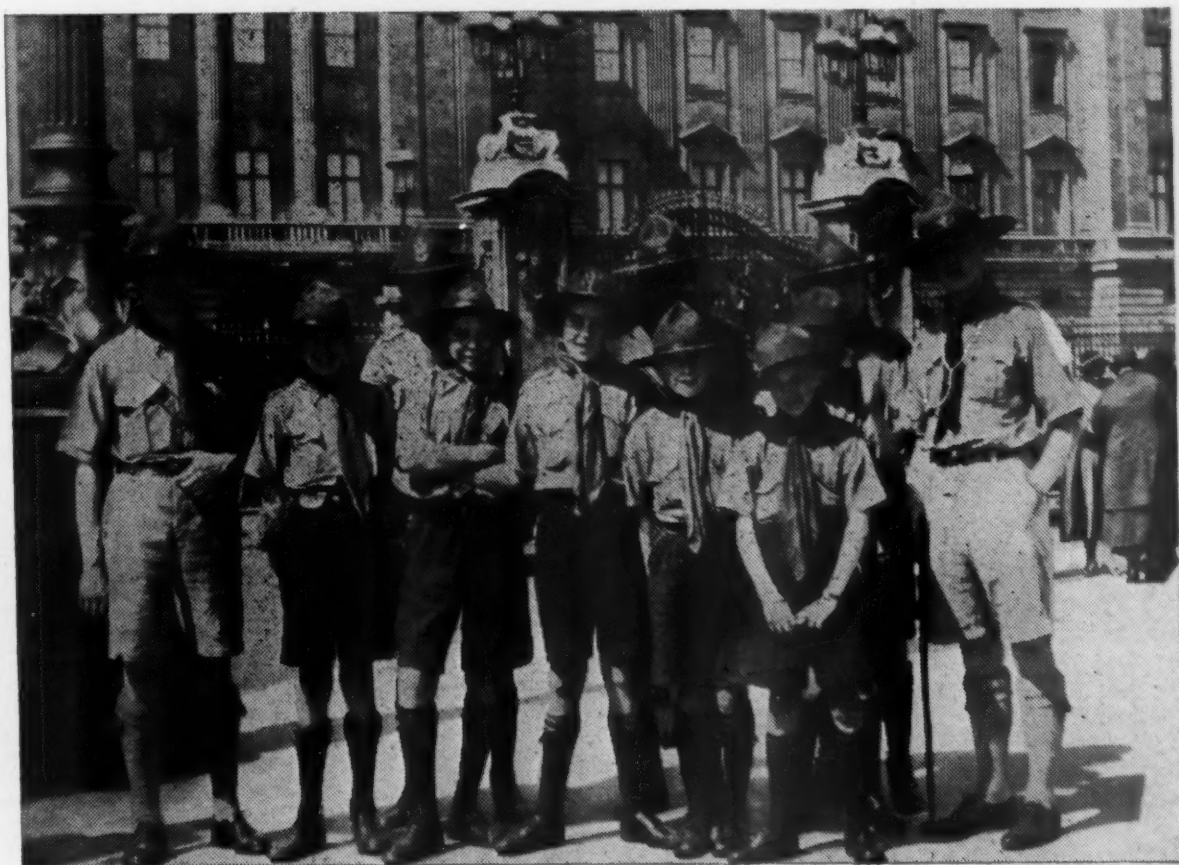
I suppose objection will be made to the suggestion that an officer should be detailed to instruct the apprentices during the afternoons at sea. Then, perhaps, it will be considered necessary to carry an extra officer, preferably an extra Second, as being sufficiently senior to have the requisite knowledge and yet not too old to be out of sympathy with the boys. Again, it might be a good thing to examine the boys each year, to see how they are progressing or whether it is worth while for them to continue at sea. I have said nothing about work or routine in port; that, of course, must be guided largely by the peculiarity of each port and the amount and kind of loading or discharging to be done there, so hard and fast rules cannot be laid down.

Boiled down, I think it is absolutely necessary to make the average boy study for about two hours a day. For some reason or other it is very difficult to concentrate whilst at sea. Arrangements should be made for a certain number of specially selected lower-deck boys, possibly one in each ship, and who have been about two years at sea, to be trained with the apprentices. I realise that to carry out these ideas, money must be found either by the shipowners concerned, or else, perhaps, by small grants from the Government. At the moment most companies, I think, pay small sums monthly to the apprentices, increasing each year for their four years. It would not be a great hardship if first and second year boys were paid nothing, and third and fourth year boys considerably reduced to help defray the expenses of extra officers, etc.

Boys should be of good average ability and able to pass a stiff medical examination and, of course, be of good moral character. In other words, be much the same type as the better companies insist on having at the present time. *The Seafarer.*



Members of the Crew of the "Ascania" leaving Buckingham Palace after receiving from the King the Board of Trade Silver Medal for rescuing the crew of the S.S. "Usworth."



"To Lady Houston—our greatest friend"—a happy group from the 3rd Manston Group (B.P.) Boy Scouts to Lady Houston from "some of her admirers."



Alderman Stephens inviting Rear-Admiral Snagge to drink to the traditional toast—"To the pious memory of Sir Francis Drake; may the descendants of him who brought water, never want for wine."

WHERE Britain has failed in her obligation to her most vital and greatest industry is (1) in not having made provision for sailing training (incomparably the best) for her youth when the sailing ship as a commercial trader was doomed, and (2) in not providing training schools at the various ports for her vast body of seafarers when it became definitely known that seamen could not be trained to a proper standard of efficiency in boat-service on board ship. For these reasons the Prince's outspoken dictum is true and justified.

Assuming that our great national service merits attention paid to the training of its personnel, though it may cost time and money, a case must be made for the kind of training likely to produce the best results.

It should be accepted as a fundamental principle that the good maintenance and safety of a ship depends mainly on her captain, and in a lesser degree her officers, being first and foremost practical sailors.

The quality of the sailor especially in the captain is of far greater import to the safety of a ship than the quality of a navigator, for where a ship runs into danger through mistakes in navigation (which are not uncommon) she can, and generally is, saved from disaster by the action of the sailor.

It is as well to differentiate between the navigator and the sailor. A navigator is a seaman versed in computing latitude and longitude; in laying off positions and courses on the chart; correcting compasses; computing tides and currents; having a knowledge of astronomy, signalling, law of storms.

The navigator primarily represents the pen-and-paper seaman, the student, the theoretical, the educated and perhaps brainy man.

The sailor, above all, is a practical man, in his

Training as it at

:: By CAPTAIN ALSTON ::

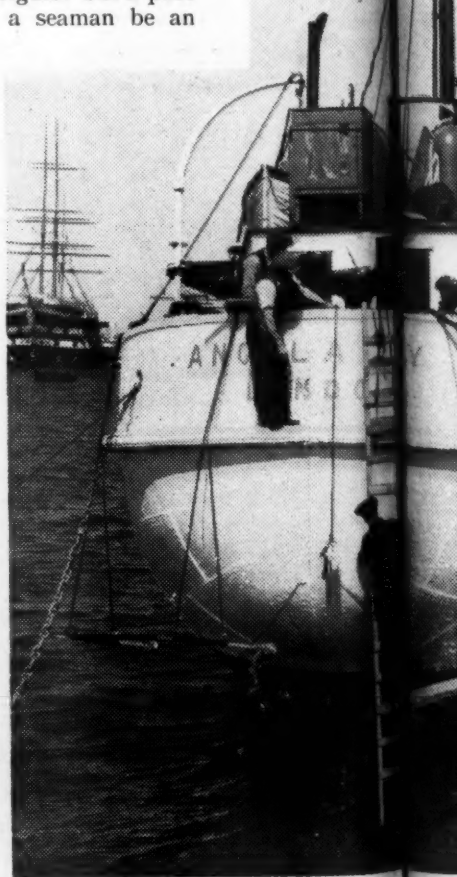
knowledge of masts, yards, sails, ropes and rigging; adept in the care and maintenance of his ship; in the stowage and distribution of cargo; in coping with accidents and breakdowns; in nursing and protecting his ship from damage in bad weather; in manœuvring his ship; in his judgment of the elements, wind and sea, learnt by his close contact with both. The sailor is quick at sensing danger and adept at avoiding it if it comes on him suddenly by displaying that quick and correct action which emanates from a cool brain and well-trained faculties of self-confidence, nerve, alertness, vigilance, resourcefulness and judgment; all of which are cultivated and developed in gaining his knowledge of masts, yards, sails, ropes and rigging.

In short, the sailor represents temperament, nerve, agility, action, practical knowledge and personality. A seaman might be an excellent navigator but a poor sailor. So also might a seaman be an excellent sailor, but a poor navigator.

Steamship training has not produced the sailor; it has of course, produced the navigator, but not the sailor; yet, safety at sea mainly depends on officers being sailors.

Is it not significant that in the past when our seamen were excellent sailors but indifferent navigators (the science of navigation had then not been so highly developed) our ships were the best maintained and safest on the seas—the country was justifiably proud of them?

In dealing with the problem of "training" it should be remembered that, if the aviator is excepted, there is no occupation in the world where the faculties of self-confidence, nerve, alertness, vigilance and resourcefulness play so great a part in the



The smallest ship in the Naval Review which will represent the fleet of tramps which

it affects Safety at Sea

success of a man's professional life than they do in the life of the shipmaster. Therefore, it is of prime importance that due regard should be given to the training which would best ensure the cultivation and development of these faculties in our youths.

That sail-training is the only dependable means for gaining these desired results I hope later to show. In the sailing-ship era there was never heard the call for systematic *selection* and training. Why? Because the sailing ship herself was essentially the *selector* and *trainer* of youths. Primarily, she attracted only those youths who possessed the right temperament and adventurous spirit to face the hard and manly life which service in her demanded. Hence her value was incalculable in solving this fundamental problem of "selection."

As regards the actual training; the sailing ship brought the boy into close contact with the elements which had to be faced, combated and defied in sailing her over the seas, consequently the fine attributes of the sailor were acquired and developed in the performance of his ordinary duties on board ship.

She was a great inspiration to a boy—imbuing him with the desire to become as proficient as possible in the sailor's craft.

The ever constant emergencies which arose by the vagaries of the elements thrilled the boy; satisfied his adventurous spirit, and taught him to keep a cool head. The personal risk to which he was subject in performing his ordinary duties on

board her, i.e., climbing aloft, furling or reefing sails, strengthening his nerve and taught him to be ever vigilant and alert; the practical knowledge he gained made him resourceful and ever ready to face difficulties, so that by the time he became master he was competent to successfully deal with accidents, breakdowns or other unforeseen and dangerous happenings at sea.

What does steamship training offer?

Firstly, life on board the steamship is comparatively comfortable, with the minimum of personal risk to life and limb, consequently she is no "selector" of youths.

THE MENTAL DRIFT

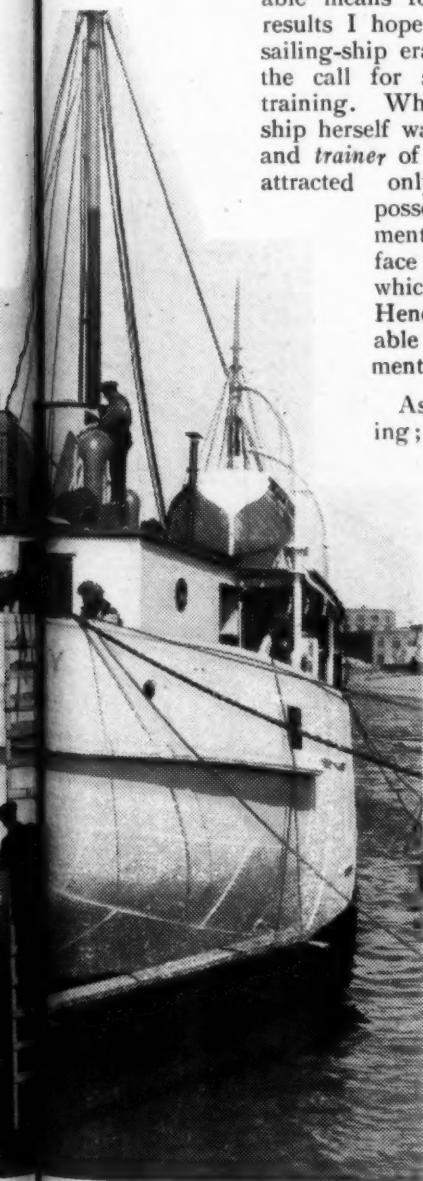
There is little need for a youth in choosing his profession to analyse himself in considering whether or not he would *like* the life on a steamship; his choice of an apprenticeship to the sea is more likely to be governed by what he may eventually expect in remuneration, commensurate with his education, plus social conditions as an officer on a passenger steamer. The "call of the sea" is meaningless to our youths now that they are not required to serve in the sailing ship. Since steamship service no longer makes the possession of the right temperament and adventurous spirit a *main* factor in a boy's choice of going to sea, we find that too large a proportion of the officers and apprentices at present serving are temperamentally unfitted for the life.

Service on a steamship offers a lad no more inspiration than would service on a tramcar or behind a draper's counter—hence in a lad's most impressionable years at sea the benefit of this incalculable mental force is lost in the training of British youth. Finally, service in the steamship cannot possibly make the lad a *sailor*; this he soon realises, and this knowledge induces an insidious mental drift, the "inferiority complex"; a state into which many have drifted and which, I believe, will constitute a grave danger to our shipping in the future.

Lord Runciman, doubtless the greatest living authority on ships and sailors, is recently reported to have said, when expressing his views on training: "First, make the boy a sailor."

These few words succinctly and truly sum up the whole question of training; and it seems certain that on the acceptance of this advice will depend the future safety and supremacy of our ships at sea.

My experience, in having trained over 10,000 seamen, including nearly 2,000 officers and apprentices for the Lifeboat Efficiency Certificate, has confirmed my belief that one year's course of sail-training (the period to qualify for "sailing ship" endorsement of certificates of competency), under an intensive system, would produce wonderful results and ensure the trainees acquiring thorough practical ability. Such a course would lay the foundation for the boys to proceed on their careers in steam service to become as highly skilled officers and masters as were our seamen in the past.



The M.V. "Angularity" (260 tons), which made the "Red Duster" famous.

A Sky Pilot's Tribute

By Canon Edgar Lambert

MY memory goes back nearly seventy years to a time when an uncle, an old Master Mariner, used to take me out fishing in Filey Bay. There from blue guernseyed fishermen I learnt the gentle art of baiting a hook and in occasional squalls got my sea legs, and admired the skipper handling his ticklish coble and learnt the vital need of keeping the sheet of a lug sail in one's hand—a lesson that often stood me in good stead when later I came to sail a coble on my own at Bridlington. Those fishermen were, and are still, a fine class of men. Several of my friends were coxswains of the lifeboat and had many a noble deed to their credit. They rescued me once, when rashly venturing in a crank little cutter which I did not understand, I was blown out to sea. Occasionally my brothers and I went out with them fishing off Flamborough Head and, when caught in a gale one night, we had to run past the unlighted buoy off Filey Brigg; and with all reefs down, standing by the halyards to let go if the boat broached to, I was thankful indeed to see the cool, vigilant skipper at the helm. "Aye but a' doo loike Scarbro' 'arbour," he said as the lights showed up, "a' loike it as the Devil loikes holy watter."

A Quaint Yarn

Many a quaint yarn I heard—as, for instance, when I hauled up a haddock and remarked upon the traditional thumb-mark of St. Peter on its back—"Gar' away!" said my fishermen friends and proceeded to recite in verse the old Yorkshire legend of how the devil was disturbed in his warm regions by the coal mining in Durham and Northumberland and set about to build a dyke across the North Sea to stop the collier ships on their way to London. He was at work on Filey Brigg one day and his chisel flew out of his hand and hit a haddock on the back. "Then Neptune in his wrath arose, seized the Devil by the nose! And that's the origin of a haddock's bruise, there's no haddock in t' Lake o' Galilee," which, of course, is true.

When later I became a chaplain of The Missions to Seamen in Sunderland, I had for nine years constant daily intercourse with seamen of all sorts and was proud to serve them. I was only a landsman after all, but how kind they were to me and marvellously responsive to my ministrations! Well I remember Havelock Wilson, who kept a cook shop opposite our institute and had a delicate chest, for which he swallowed bottle after bottle of Scott's Emulsion. He used with his good wife to attend our services. There he began his heroic struggle to found a Seamen's Union. It was a hard fight indeed and he had many powerful enemies. How he persevered and triumphed in the end so as to found the National Amalgamated

Seamen's and Firemen's Union, and help in establishing the Marine Board, winning the respect of shipowners, and leading men straight through critical times, is a matter of history: and fittingly his services were recognised by His Majesty who made him a Companion of Honour. His courage and fortitude in a last long illness, were as remarkable as his achievements.

Another sailor friend, A.B. in one of Lord Durham's ships, was the first with his mates to begin a collection on board ship to get a Permanent Seamen's Institute. This was accomplished with the generous aid of the people of the Port and Diocese and at a cost of over £4,000 the old Exchange of the town was purchased and fitted up. This friend was also instrumental in starting our ambulance work and, working there and subsequently in London and Liverpool under successive doctors he helped greatly to train many thousands of seamen to gain their certificates. He was made "Honorary Serving Brother" of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and is still an active Lay Reader of the Missions to Seamen.

Warm-Hearted Souls

Then there was Henry Watts, the diver, who saved over thirty-two lives from drowning—I remember meeting him dripping wet on the dock-side after one of his exploits: and a gallant coast-guard who won the Albert Medal by going off in the breeches buoy to a ship ashore on the Needles at North Shields, when the mast was threatening to go by the board, and bringing a man off who was incapable of making the effort himself. Then there were men who had yielded to the exceptional temptations that beset sailors and became addicted to strong drink, but who pulled themselves together with the help of God and became thoroughly sober and good living men. All genuine seamen being always welcome to our Institutes, we had, of course, some hard cases. One I remember, whom we were inclined to think a hopeless bad lot, but when a fire broke out at the petroleum works and one tank blew up and all in the neighbourhood were panic stricken, and there was danger of another tank exploding and setting light to the ships in the dock, it was this man whom I saw standing in the oil shed at two a.m. calmly playing a hose upon the heated tank.

When I went for a voyage to the East in a cargo steamer, the congregation of seamen and their families came off in the roads in a tug to bid me farewell. I picked up a strand of rope, tied it into a true lover's knot and threw it to them in the tug. When I returned three months later I found the rope adorned with ribbons hanging in our Mission Church. Loyal warm-hearted souls! How can one help loving sailors!

The Seafarer.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

The Coronation Review

By D. P. Capper.

OF all H.M. Ships at this month's Review, one only will form a direct link between the beginning of the King's reign and the Silver Jubilee. Not inappropriately, that distinction belongs to the Royal Yacht. The *Victoria and Albert* will actually be the sole survivor at Spithead of the 168 vessels flying the White Ensign at King George's Coronation Review. Nelson's *Victory*, it is true, is still in full commission—long may she so remain!—but this time only as a distant spectator of the inspection of the fleet. Otherwise there has been a clean sweep.

The vessels at Spithead on June 24th, 1911, were drawn entirely from the Home Fleet, with some nucleus crew ships, and from the Atlantic Fleet. No ships had been brought back from the Mediterranean to swell the assembly, as has been done this year. (Of course, with the naval centre of gravity lying in the North Sea, the chief strength of the Navy was permanently based in home waters.) The total number of men-of-war was

make an equally poor showing against the 42,100 of the *Hood*.

Perhaps the best way of comparing the two fleets would be in tabular form:—

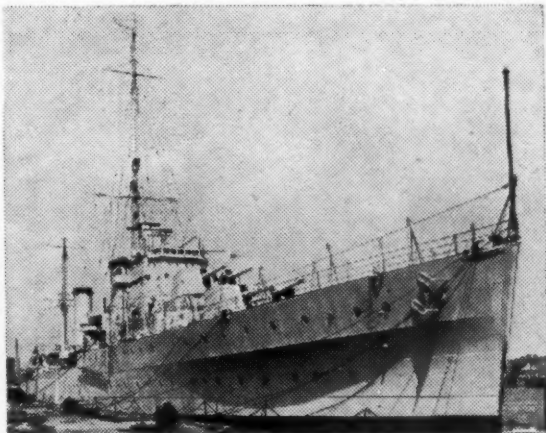
	24/6/11	16/7/34
Battleships	32	10
Battle-cruisers	4	2
Aircraft carriers	—	2
Cruisers (all types)	33	18
Scouts	5	—
Destroyers	69	79
Torpedo-boats	12	—
Submarines	8	23
Minelayers	2	—
Sloops and minesweepers	—	22

In order to simplify these lists, depot ships and other non-combatant vessels have not been included. And it should be mentioned that the Coronation Review lacked the liners and freighters, and the fishing craft, that lie in the Jubilee Review to illustrate the closeness of the ties between the Royal and Merchant Navies, and the Fishing Fleets.

The 1911 fleet was, in several respects, in a state of transition. Eight *Dreadnoughts* and the four battle-cruisers represented the coming of the "all-big-gun" ship, but the greater part of the battle fleet was still made up of *Formidables*, *Majestics* and *King Edward VII's*. (Their main armament of four 12-in. guns looks a little odd when compared with the nine 16-in. of the *Nelson* and *Rodney*.)

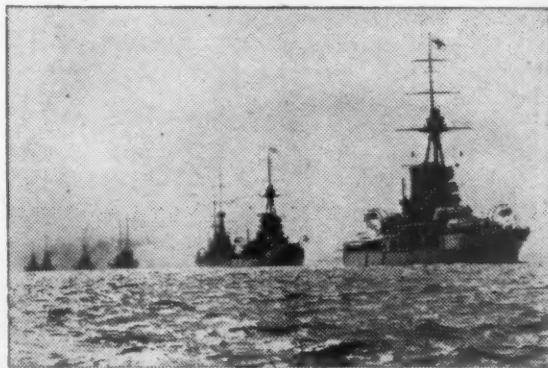
Wireless telegraphy at sea had barely emerged from the experimental stage. And although oil-fired boilers had not yet appeared in the fleet, the turbine was already displacing the reciprocating engine. Apart from the battle-cruisers, many of the t.b.d.s were turbine-engined. While there were a number of "River Class," "Tribals" and "30-knotters" among the destroyers (all destined to do useful work in the coming War) the bulk of the flotillas was composed of new boats.

Although the Navy had begun to dally with



H.M.S. ARETHUSA, destined to be a Flagship in the Mediterranean, is the first of an interesting type. Although displacing only 5,200 tons, this ship mounts six 6 in. guns. Costing less than one and a quarter million pounds, she is the cheapest cruiser built since the war, but in spite of this can both steam at 33 knots, and at a more economical speed, can take sufficient fuel for a journey across half the world—from England to Australia.

almost identical with that in the forthcoming Review, but the proportion of heavy ships was very different. In fact, the total tonnage of battleships and battle-cruisers amounted to nearly twice the corresponding figure there will be at Spithead this month. At the same time, it is illuminating to contrast the largest and the smallest battleship at the 1911 Review, the *Neptune* of 19,900 tons and the *Albemarle* of only 14,000, with our 33,500-ton *Nelson*. As for the battle-cruisers, the 17,250 displacement tonnage of the *Invincible* class would



H.M.S. IRON DUKE leading the Fleet at Spithead for the great Review in July 1914. A point of interest is the fact that the IRON DUKE will also take part in the 1935 Jubilee Review, although much modified as a training ship.

both airships and aeroplanes, there were no aircraft with the Coronation Review fleet. That absence of an Air arm, and its carriers, reflects what is obviously the most significant change that has come over the Navy in the twenty-five years.

The cruisers, "armoured" and "protected," showed an even more varied array of types than do the cruiser classes of to-day. In displacement they ranged from 14,600 tons down to 4,800 tons: and in main armaments from six 9.2-in. and four 7.5-in. down to a mere couple of 6-in. guns. The scouts, averaging about 3,000 tons displacement and more lightly armed than modern destroyers, can scarcely be compared in any way with our sloops—a by-product of the War.

The fleet of 1911, unlike the combined fleets of 1935, included no Australian or Indian men-of-war; for the simple reason that the first Dominion Navy was still in the earliest process of formation. On the other hand, an outstanding feature was the number of foreign warships in the lines. There were no less than eighteen of them: from the maritime countries of Europe, the Near East, the Far East, and from North and South America.

Our ships were eventually to be struck off the Navy List one by one through almost every imaginable cause. Most of them met an ignominious end in the hands of the shipbreakers after having grown obsolete, or prematurely worn-out through War service. One or two—the submarine *A.3.* and the battleship *Bulwark*, for instance—were lost by collision or internal explosion close inshore. But many others went to

a fighting death on the high seas. Their names, in fact, could almost form an index to the history of the Navy in the Great War.

To read over the names in the list is to live again the triumphs and the heart-pangs of 1914-18. It becomes more than a little difficult to pick and choose among them. Here, for example, is the *Good Hope*, which went down with Admiral Cradock and all hands at Coronel. And in the same fleet are, together with the *Bristol*, the two battle-cruisers that avenged her a couple of months later at the Falklands.

Pride of place in the way of battle-cruisers perhaps goes to the *Invincible* with her record of the Battles of the Bight, the Dogger Bank and the Falklands, before she was sunk at Jutland. But her sister-ship *Inflexible*, badly mauled by the Gallipoli forts, runs her close. At least one battleship, the *Irresistible*, is a reminder of our losses at the Dardanelles: and three armoured cruisers, *Black Prince*, *Warrior* and *Defence*, were part of the price we paid for Jutland. Another bleak memory is in the name of the *Hampshire*, which was lost with Kitchener and all on board one stormy day in 1916.

The list also includes several members of the "bobbery pack" at the St. George's Day blocking of Zeebrugge, and one of the three actual blockships, the *Thetis*. And among the smaller craft is the *Swift* that, in company with the *Broke*, fought the famous night action in the Straits with six German destroyers.

The Navy



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Tales of the Seven Seas

Memories of Sail

By Captain J. G. Bisset, R.D. R.N.R. (Retd.)

THE stately, white-winged sailing ship has almost disappeared from the seas, but there are still a few men left who know what it was to lay aloft in a Cape Horn hurricane and "goose-wing" the main lower topsail. The other day I visited a famous "retreat" for such old-timers who are down on their luck, and was fortunate enough to be able to join a group of them who were swapping yarns. I will not attempt to reproduce their colourful accents or phraseology, but being a bit of an old sailor myself, I can give you the gist of their stories, although they will lose tang and vigour in the telling.

Old Murphy, a grizzled "salt" from Bantry, after rubbing a "fill o' baccy" between his horny palms and lighting his "dudeen," went on with his story as follows:—

"Yes, Sir, I joined the good ship *Kingsport* in 1879 as Bo'sun. She was brand new, having been built at Kingsport in the Bay of Fundy and towed to Saint John, New Brunswick, to be masted and sparred. She was a full-rigged ship, built of rock elm, red pine and oak, and as fine a looking craft as ever I set eyes on. But she had a weakness. The builders had run short of steel bolts and braces to hold her together, and it would be weeks before they got a fresh supply. The owners wouldn't wait, and decided to send her over to England to be finished. Freights were good on timber in those days, so they filled her with deals that had been lying out in the open for months. They were full of frost and as hard as a ship-owner's heart.

A LIVING NOR'-WESTER

"The lumbermen took pride in their work, and they packed them deals in so tight that by the time they'd finished there wasn't room left in her hold for a match stick.

"We sailed on the 27th December, under the command of Capt. John Mulcahy, a hard-fisted 'Blue-nose' with the heart of a lion. It was cold enough to freeze the ears off a brass monkey, and the crew were inclined to lay down on the job, but old Mulcahy and the Mates, with a little assistance from yours truly, soon knocked the Christmas spirit out o' those bozoes, and they turned out to be a mighty good crowd.

"With a living nor'-wester under the starboard quarter we soon ran out of the Bay of Fundy, and set a course to pass a hundred miles south of Sable Island. After a few days the wind fell light, then came away with a bang from the nor'-east and drove us down into the Gulf Stream, where our troubles commenced. She started to leak like a basket. At first we did half an hour at the pumps every watch, then two hours, and finally we were pumping the whole time, till it seemed as if we

must have pumped half the Atlantic Ocean through her bottom. The decks began opening up, and we could see the oakum washing out of her overside seams as she rolled.

"Mulcahy soon guessed the cause of the trouble. The frost-bitten timber in the holds was thawing out and swelling in the warm Gulf Stream weather, and she was bursting her sides. 'Stop pumping,' came the order, and all hands were mustered aft. 'Now, men,' said Mulcahy, from the break of the poop, 'the ship's waterlogged, and pumping won't do any more good. She can't sink, but if this goes on she'll fall to pieces under our feet. There's only one thing to be done, and that's to lash her together. We'll put chains round her, and there's going to be no watch below till the job's done, so if you want to save your hides, get busy.'

HARD DRIVING

"Working like niggers, we got part of the port anchor cable up on deck. Then, unshackling a length, we passed a line underneath the ship's bottom and so hauled the end of the cable round the ship and brought the end up to the deck on the other side. Then we passed a wire lashing through the two ends of the cable and hove it bar tight on the capstan and made it fast. We put one length round her by the foremast, another by the main mast, and the third aft by the mizzen. The job took nine hours, then Mulcahy gave us a glass of grog and we set watches again.

"Her holds were now full of water, and she was wallowing deep, being nothin' more nor less than a raft of timber under sail. Fortunately she held together and, although we had bad weather, it was astern of us and we made Liverpool in thirty-two days by hard driving. Off Holyhead, sixty miles from port, we met a tug, and old Mulcahy bargained with the skipper for over four hours before agreeing to a price of £125 to put us into dock. I give you my word we weren't long a-passin' her a rope.

"On arrival the crew were paid off, and soon scattered to the boarding houses—myself amongst them. Old Mulcahy went to London, and there the underwriters presented him with a chronometer watch and a purse of gold, for savin' the ship. He was a grand man, and that's the truth of it."

The Seagoer.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the "Saturday Review" from their news-agents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, "Saturday Review," 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

Our Glorious Navy

By a Naval Correspondent

ON July 16th, when His Majesty reviews his Fleet in the Channel, there will be more than one hundred and fifty ships assembled, manned by over fifty thousand officers and ratings. It will be a pageant of sea-power unequalled throughout the world for its might and the greatest assembly of warships seen in British waters since the war. The greater part of the Mediterranean Fleet has been recalled to play its part in this triumphant salute to His Majesty, and many ships of the Reserve Fleet have been recommissioned to swell the numbers. Battleships, battle cruisers, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, fleet auxiliaries, there are types of every class of vessel to delight the eye and impress the heart with a sense of Britain's traditional mastery of the sea.

Of the many ships present, two will be of outstanding interest. The Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert*, that graceful ship which has for so long been associated with the Royal Family will moor at the head of one of the lines of battleships. She is thirty-six years old, but her lines still delight the eyes of all who appreciate beautiful ships. Her black and gold hull, white upperworks and yellow masts and funnels make her a picture at sea that is unforgettable. She is a stately ship, the largest and most beautiful yacht in the world, and she carries treasures on board that recall glorious pages of England's naval history. There is the Nelson Vase and the Collingwood Vase, the White Ensign flown on the sledge which reached the South Pole in Captain Scott's expedition, two silver speaking trumpets from the *Royal George*, and one of Lord Nelson's calling cards, framed in *Victory* oak. Her hand-steering gear and binnacles came from the *Royal George* and are magnificent specimens of the ornamental scroll-work which was a feature of the ships of that day.

THE OLD "IRON DUKE"

The other ship which should attract attention is the old *Iron Duke*. She carried the flag of Sir John Jellicoe during the battle of Jutland, and it was in the Admiral's cabin on board her that Sir David Beatty, as he was then, received the surrender of the whole German Fleet from Rear-Admiral von Reuter at the close of the war. The last survivor of her class, she has been turned into a boy's training ship, but her gallant old hull will still grace this great assembly. She was a great ship in her day and she saw history made that was staggering in its immensity. During the evening and night of May 31st, 1916, her bridge carried the destiny of Britain in the person of Sir John Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet during the greatest naval battle of all time. Two-and-a-half years later, her cabin witnessed the final triumph of Britain's sea-power, when the naval might of Germany was humbled and humiliated.

Two other veterans of the battle of Jutland will be present in H.M.S. *Barham*, now flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Max Horton, and H.M.S. *Valiant* which were attached to Sir David Beatty's battle-cruiser force. The *Barham's* scars are hidden now, but she was hit six times by heavy shells, having twenty-six men killed and thirty-seven wounded. The largest warship in the world, H.M.S. *Hood*, will be there, and also the two great post-war battleships, *Rodney* and *Nelson*, the latter flying the flag of Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet. These ships, with their triple turrets of 16-inch guns, are mighty reminders of Britain's strength, powerful mastodons to keep freedom of the seas.

A GREAT ASSEMBLY

The aircraft-carriers *Courageous* and *Furious*, the new destroyers of the *Fury* class, the submarines *Swordfish* and *Seahorse*, the cruisers *Leander* and *London*, are all likely to come in for considerable attention as examples of the latest designs in naval architecture. Their interest is especially great just at the present moment, when talk of naval limitation and treaties is in the air. But there are other ships of interest besides warships. Several great liners are to be anchored close to the lines of naval vessels, the *Berengaria*, *Asturias*, *Alcantara* and many others. Another interesting vessel is the *Bluenose*, the famous racing schooner of the Newfoundland Bank fishing fleet. She has just sailed across the Atlantic and her inclusion amongst the great gathering is due to the King's express wish that representatives of the Merchant Navy and the fishing industry should be included in the Review.

It will be a wonderful sight, this great assembly of noble vessels. Once in a lifetime it occurs, and it sends once again the spirit of patriotic pride coursing through our veins. We see, in the gaps between the ships, the shadows of history. The *Golden Hind*, the *Bellerophon*, the fighting *Temeraire*, the old *Dreadnought*, the *Victory* of immortal memory. In our imagination we picture Drake leading his hornets towards the Armada, Howe breaking the French line on the Glorious First of June, Boscawen descending on Lagos like an avenging eagle, Nelson crowding all sail on the *Victory* to reach the enemy at Trafalgar. Something of the sea runs in every Briton's veins, so that he thrills to the sight of great ships that "pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions," and recalls once again those grand words that form the preamble to the Articles of War devised by Charles II for the guidance of his Navy, "It is upon the Navy under the good Providence of God that the safety, honour and welfare of this Realm do chiefly depend."

The Fishing Industry

By "Fish-Hawk"

I AM always being asked "what sort of fish do you catch in the North Sea?" A seemingly simple question, but one it is quite impossible to answer in a single sentence. Actually the mainstay of our North Sea trawlers is the haddock and so long as there is a fair supply of good quality fish of the species, there is little danger of a trawler failing to make a living. Haddock are graded for selling purposes in four classes, "jumbos," "big," "middles" and "chats." The jumbos mainly come from Iceland, but the other three varieties are all North Sea fish. When I first went to sea, it was a common occurrence to have from 40-50 boxes, of middle and big haddock for one's night's work, but nowadays such a catch is inconceivable.

The reasons for the decline in the size and quantities is not far to seek. Modern trawlers have become so terribly efficient that they literally catch sand eels, so that vast numbers of under-sized fish are daily killed by the nets. When any species of fish is unduly harried, Nature corrects the balance by causing the fish to mature quicker and so to increase the rate of reproduction, but *the fish so produced are of a smaller average size.* Another reason is that there are no breeding sanctuaries. By fitting "bobbins" to the trawls' footropes, ships can now fish in ground that was unworkable, owing to its stony nature.

AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION

It was in these "roughs" as they are called, that the fish bred unmolested, but nowadays they are caught just at the time when they should be at peace, and quantities of spawn are destroyed. No amount of argument will make men realise that they are simply exterminating their own bread and butter, and the only method by which the spawning fish can be protected is by forbidding the carrying of bobbins in the North Sea from January till April. Next in importance to haddock comes the plaice, and here again the quality and quantity has deteriorated for the same reasons. It is much more difficult to help the plaice than haddock, for the former spawns in open ground. The only solution to his troubles is to alter the mesh of the net so as to allow the under-sized fish to escape. But this brings about an impossible situation. Owing to the plaice's shape he can only escape from a large mesh, so large indeed that a large haddock could escape with equal facility, so that to save the small plaice one must sacrifice all one's catch. Naturally, one cannot do this, so I suppose the plaice is faced with gradual extermination except on in-shore grounds.

Cod form an important but very spasmodic item in a North Sea trawler's bag. Vast quantities of these fish are caught in Iceland, Faroe and Bear Island, but in the North Sea they are a very

"spotty" fish. Occasionally one strikes a big shoal, and anything up to 120 boxes may be secured in one haul, but such hauls are few and far between. The much despised whiting is another useful helper when markets are good and supplies of other fish are short. But, unless there is a good demand, this excellent fish does not command a good price. Large quantities of these fish, are smoked and sold as haddock by dishonest dealers, not that they are inferior to haddock, but they cost the dealer much less, and he charges his customers the same as for dearer fish!

Hake is another fish always welcomed in the trawls, for they always command a ready sale, and a good price. But except off the Norwegian coast, where you need special gear to catch them, they are not a common fish in the North Sea. If you want hake, go to the Portuguese or Moroccan coasts and even further south to the Cap Verde Islands, but in these latitudes the heat makes it almost impossible to get your catch home safe. Soles, turbot and brill are all classed as "prime" and usually command the highest prices, being sold by the pound, instead of in boxes or kits. The fish are most numerous on fine sandy bottoms and are even found in good quantities in the Southern parts of the North Sea and along the Danish coast.

THE "DOVER" SOLE

I have never solved the riddle of why the true sole is called "Dover sole," for, for every sole produced off that port, about a million come from elsewhere. The best grounds are in the Bristol channel, Southern North Sea, and the Moroccan and Portuguese coasts; so if the truth be told "Dover" soles are almost akin to Mrs. 'Arris! Beside the better known fish, many others just as useful and toothsome are caught, skate, ray, guernards, catfish, monkfish, dabs, megrims witch and lemon soles, all make their appearance in our trawls, the variety depending almost entirely on where one is fishing. But the North Sea is declining steadily, and nowadays only supplies about a quarter of the fish consumed in this country. However much the quantity may decline, the quality will always be supreme, for no seas produce such beautifully flavoured fish.

Much has been done to educate the public in the edible fishes, and much remains to be done. It is not many years ago, that skate and catfish were thrown away because no one would buy them, and only fishermen realised their excellent food value. If people would only try different methods of cooking fish, instead of the eternal frying pan, they would be surprised at the results, and would be helping an industry that badly needs helping, and which *deserves* help more than any other in our land.

CORRESPONDENCE

Baldwin Bans Conservatism

SIR,—By the time your next issue is in the press the result of the by-election at West Toxteth will be known. From all accounts which reach one it would seem that history will be repeating itself and that the Socialist candidate will be successful, as he was at the by-election (caused by the resignation of the late Sir Robert Houston who had ably represented the constituency in the previous nine Parliaments) on May 22nd, 1924.

Sir Robert had held the seat at the 1923 General Election by the narrow majority of 189, but Mr. J. Gibbins defeated the Conservative candidate in 1924 by the handsome margin of 2,471 votes. The result caused consternation in the Conservative camp, and the late Viscount Long of Wraxhall, in a letter to me at that time, aptly described the situation as follows: "The country seems to be in a queer state; the victory at West Toxteth is simply amazing."

The cause for that "amazing" Socialist victory was due to the dissatisfaction of Conservatives at Mr. Baldwin's leadership, for after succeeding the late Mr. Bonar Law in May, 1923, he foolishly appealed to the country in the following December on a half-baked policy of Tariff Reform, with the result that the Socialists and Liberals combined out-numbered the Conservatives; and Mr. Asquith, as he was at that time, decided to support the Socialist Party in order, as he bluntly explained his action, "to give them a chance."

If West Toxteth is won by the Socialist Party next Tuesday it will be due to the same reason that Conservatives are dissatisfied with Mr. Baldwin's leadership. Mr. Cremllyn, the Government candidate, in an interview with a Press representative, said: "I regard this fight as hopeless. . . . Nobody seems to care what becomes of me. I am afraid I am going to lose by 10,000 votes."

On being urged by his interviewer "not to be so pessimistic" and that a vigorous Conservative policy would prevail, he retorted: "But that's another difficulty. When I talk the straight, old-fashioned Conservatism, I am told it is not our policy. I'm not allowed to preach it. I can't make it out."

This "amazing" attitude of Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues is yet another proof that it is their deliberate and studied aim to kill Conservatism as such, and to establish now and for ever what is erroneously described as a "National" party, which is in truth nothing but an "Inter-national" organisation whose aim and object will be to forward everything that is foreign to the detriment of our own people throughout the Empire.

ERNEST JAMES.

12, Hawthorn Rd., Wallington, Surrey.

[How right our correspondent was events have proved.—Ed.]

Disgusted Conservatives

SIR,—The result of the by-election at West Toxteth proves conclusively that Mr. Baldwin has already gone far towards achieving his object of wrecking the Conservative Party.

It was not any increase in Socialism which gained the seat for Mr. Gibbins; for he actually polled fewer votes than in 1931. This disposes once and for all of the Baldwinite parrot cry that the National Government's internationalism must be supported in order to keep the Socialists out.

What lost Mr. Cremllyn the election was the abstention of over eleven thousand Conservative voters who could not stomach Mr. Baldwin's particular brand of Socialism. Had the Conservative candidate preached a vigorous Conservative policy, the only brand of Conservatism which has ever succeeded at West Toxteth, the result would have been very different.

F. L. HOOD.

Upper Norwood.

Getting Rid of India

SIR,—As a citizen, may I make a point about India, "got out of the way by legislation," and ask all your readers to do the same, indoors and out?

A Government may gull the public by suppressing or minimising news, by reassuring answers in Parliament, and by asserting that its legislation has relieved the public of further responsibility. If, or when, British mothers' sons are called upon to help clear up the mess, the position can no longer be concealed, and it will be evident that so far from being "out of the way," India is much more in the way than when the administration could carry on without such extra assistance.

In other words, Members of Parliament will be saved from having to park themselves in smoking rooms, and journey to and from lobbies, over India's affairs, at the risk of much larger numbers of their countrymen having to park and journey much further afield some day. Parliament has not played fair with the people of these islands, and this is not healthy for Parliament either.

The Government consolation is that "parties will emerge" and make a balance. Here, as always, the Government men are mere chamber talkers. Indian parties will not only emerge from committee rooms, but also from nullahs and forests, to kill and burn or from city lanes to throw bombs.

It is a pity that the framers of a constitution for India have not been more like Mr. Noel Coward's Englishmen. The mad dogs knew what went on. Of course, Lord Ponsonby realises it all, whether he may have been much out in the midday sun or not; but he doesn't mind if it all gets worse and worse—it's healthy growth, he thinks; he would not, I suppose, send anybody to clean up messes.

Well, that is logical and honest. But to fool the British people in such a matter is different. Let's have a little fair play.

Why denounce "party dog-fighting" here, and build all your hopes on the same in India, where it is so much more dangerous? It looks like a new proverb—"Divide but don't rule."

O. C. G. HAYTER.

24, Longton Avenue, S.E.26.

[Mr. Hayter asks us to make it plain that his letter in the issue of July 13th was the expression of his own personal views as a private citizen and not inspired opinion as an executive member of the Indian Empire Society.—Ed.]

Moscow With the Lid Off

SIR,—I have culled the following amusing story from the official Soviet newspaper *Izvestia* of June 11th, 1985, which gives a characteristic impression of Soviet building operations. The report states:—

"One morning recently, the inhabitants of the house number 64 New Moscow Street were suddenly awakened by loud knocking and shouting of men on their roof. After a while they went out into the street to ascertain the cause and were astonished to find several workmen tearing down the sheet metal roofing of the house. They protested, but their protests only brought forth the answer from the workmen, 'We execute the order of Comrade Masloff.' Later, the occupants of the house learned that Comrade Masloff, the manager of a collective farm for the cultivation of flax, had need of some sheet metal and had, therefore, given the order to get some from one of the neighbouring houses."

Certainly a very simple method, but not strictly entitled to be called "Socialist Reconstruction" as our Socialist comrades in this country refer to it.

P.J.F.

45, Wiltshire Rd., Brixton, S.W.9.

CORRESPONDENCE

Our Poultry Farm in Switzerland

SIR,—A comparison of the relative cost of our present inadequate defences and the money expended in Switzerland on the League brings out some startling facts.

More than nine-tenths of what we spend on defence goes in salaries and wages to Britons, while, in the case of Geneva, hardly half a dozen British clerks earn their living there.

The cumbrous concern is generously staffed with people of all Continental nations (the Secretary, I believe, draws the equivalent of five thousand pounds a year), while, with one exception, the son of an Oxford Don who is naturally an enthusiastic supporter of the League, Britons are carefully kept out of any jobs worth having.

Few people to-day even know the names of the multitudinous foreign officials drawing fat salaries. Yet the palatial League buildings, which have already cost over a million, are still being added to and English taxpayers will have to foot a large portion of the bill.

Is it not time that this cackling hen house was closed down once and for all? What earthly use is it now that Germany and Japan have left, Italy is certain to do so if interfered with, and the United States will not touch it with a barge pole?

Nor must it be forgotten that, added to our commitments at Geneva, we now have a Minister for League affairs drawing £3,000 a year.

T. BAYLISS.

Beckenham.

Callous Slaughtering of Chickens

SIR,—While recently in Salisbury, I looked through an open door almost beneath the shadow of the tallest spire in England. There the sole occupant of the place had just finished the plucking of a chicken, white feathers all around and floating over the crate in which the remaining birds awaiting their doom were uneasily moving about. Another crate, empty now, had its late occupants ranged along its side and end—in full view of the live birds—plucked, but for their heads, which hung over the side in sad array. Apparently these birds had been killed one by one before the eyes of the others still alive and in the very closest proximity to them. This in England in the year 1935! Is there no means of stopping such practices?

ALFRED T. VELLACOTT.

Folkestone.

A Shocking Habit

SIR,—Congratulations on J. H. Lee's letter in your issue of June 29th, but what is to be done?

Were one rich enough one would have several million leaflets printed and strewn about everywhere. If only white women would even try to understand the attitude of the native mind to the things mentioned in your correspondent's letter they would realise the terrible harm they are doing. I write as a travelled Englishwoman, but surely it does not need travel to know that for a white race to copy a black race in any one way is a vast mistake, lowering the white "prestige" and giving an inflated opinion to the black?

May one beg the society women that have been singled out lately in the papers to refrain from making "Saris" popular for evening wear? It's so very stupid and unbecoming.

(Mrs.) LOUISA E. MERCER.

Station Rd., West Oxted, Surrey.

Italian Hospitality

SIR,—Referring to the letter from Mr. Hall Caine in your last issue, will you allow me to confirm all he said about the conditions in Italy?

I also have just returned from a tour in the north of that country, and would like to testify to the courtesy of everyone I met, as well as to the excellence of the hotels in which I spent some time.

At Baveno is an hotel which surely meets the demands of the most fastidious, while at Macugnaga, at the foot of Monte Rosa, is another which is excellent in every particular.

This latter resort, which I believe is little known to our countrymen, affords a capital ground for both the experienced mountaineer and such as prefer less strenuous exercise. Having travelled in various parts of Italy during the last thirty years, I have witnessed a wonderful improvement in every phase of that country's life. The vapourings of one or two journalists who suffer acutely from hæmorrhage of the pen should not deter any who desire to visit Italy at this juncture.

The Haven, Belmont Rise,
Sutton, Surrey.

ALBERT E. SALMON.

SIR,—It is a pleasure to read the remarks about Italy of Mr. G. R. Hall Caine, M.P. These words, coming from such a source, carry weight and authority, and I would take this opportunity of assuring prospective British visitors to Italy that they will, as ever, receive the most cordial welcome from the Italian people.

I am in daily contact with people who have just come back from visits to Italy, and they all assure me that every British visitor is treated as guests should be.

The Italian people, with their perfect politeness and awareness of their duty as hosts, have nothing but admiration for the people of this country, and they do not examine a man's political views before offering the hand of friendship.

W. STORMONT,

London Manager,

Italian State Tourist Dept.—E.N.I.T.

16, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

WHO KNEW?

A little girl of nine is dead. She might have been saved from an untimely end if the distressing conditions under which she was living had only been told to the N.S.P.C.C. The circumstances were known to many people but nobody apparently took sufficient interest.

Children of all ages—many of them mere babies—are being ill-treated. Last year "The Children's Guardian" protected 109,471.

The Society seeks to extend its work and will welcome your co-operation.

Please send a Donation to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., or to Wm. J. Elliott, Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. (Chairman: The Most Hon. The Marquess of Titchfield, M.P.)

★The N.S.P.C.C. offers, free of cost, slides and manuscript-lecture, illustrating its great work for suffering children. For particulars apply: The Director, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.



President: H.R.H. The Duke of Kent.

BROADCASTING

RINGING THE CHANGES

By Alan Howland

NOBODY dislikes people who say "I told you so!" more than I do, but I am sorely tempted to enrol myself just for this once under their banner. Last week I ventured—with many misgivings—on a prophecy, and the ink on my pen was barely dry before that prophecy was fulfilled. My prognostication was that one way of making a respectable hole in the B.B.C.'s extra million pounds revenue would certainly be to give an increase in salary to our hard-working servants at Broadcasting House. I was not a little gratified to read in my morning paper that drastic changes were being made in the personnel of the B.B.C. and that certain new appointments were being made. To the discerning eye, of course, some of these changes involved promotions, others demotions, still others a tactful confirmation of the *status quo*.

General Post

All, nevertheless, will be accompanied by increased emoluments. I was interested to note that, whereas Mr. Graves used, some years ago, to assist Mr. Eckersley to direct the programmes, in future Mr. Eckersley is going to assist Mr. Graves. It came as something of a shock to learn that Mr. Wellington, instead of balancing programmes on their various wavelengths, is going to plan the balance of programmes on their various wavelengths. Mr. Gladstone Murray, instead of censoring the spoken word from the policy angle, will now control the spoken word from the same angle.

Naturally all this is very exciting, and has no doubt occasioned a good deal of back-slapping in the corridors of Broadcasting House. From the point of view of the listener, however, *'plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!'* The same bright boys will be doing the same jobs of work under different titles and the programmes will be neither better nor worse.

One statement, I must confess, has puzzled me not a little. It appears that Mr. Val Gielgud will henceforth be "nominally responsible for the Childrens' Hour." Mr. Derek McCulloch has been actually in charge of the Childrens' Hour since 1933 and is no doubt delighted that, after two years hard work the fruits of his labours are to be "nominally" appropriated by the Productions Department. Mr. Gielgud will no doubt be equally pleased at the prospect of "nominally" picking up any bricks which Mr. McCulloch may drop.

One thing is clear. A million pounds is a lot of money, and it is hard to blame the B.B.C. boys for getting their claws into it quickly and giving themselves a new deal all round. Nominally, of course, as a good licence-holder, I accept the *fait accompli*, virtually it is none of my business, but actually, I think the whole thing is a ramp.

CINEMA

ENTER COLOUR

By Mark Forrest

THE first full length picture to be made by the new Technicolor process is the film version of *Vanity Fair*, which is at the New Gallery. In choosing Thackeray's masterpiece Radio Pictures have made an excellent choice, for it is possible to gauge from it without much difficulty the advantages and limitations of the change.

The writing on the wall was first seen when early in the year the same company produced a short dancing film called *The Cockroach* to which I drew attention, and the tremendous technical advance which had been made was then perfectly apparent. Since that time many people have given their opinion that before the world is very much older all pictures will be in colour. Nevertheless before that comes about, if it ever does, the difficulty of the flesh tints will have to be surmounted.

This difficulty arises not so much from the shortcomings of the process itself, but rather from the faithfulness of the reproduction. Thus the face of Miriam Hopkins, who plays Becky Sharp, is so pink and shiny that a wet lobster shell is the nearest comparison that occurs to me. Doubtless her face made up for the cameras was not unlike that, but in black and white the enormity does not challenge the eye. The criticism does not apply to Miriam Hopkins alone; every member of the cast has a waxy look, and it is difficult to free one's mind from the consequent unreality. The art of make-up will, therefore, have to undergo revision.

Claims Justified

On the other hand the uniforms, dresses and furnishings are delightfully rendered, and the overhead shots of the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the eve of Waterloo are faultless. Here, at any rate, whatever has been claimed on behalf of technicolour appeared to be justified and, with the faces in the half distance, the scene is an unqualified success.

Naturally, large portions of Thackeray's story have been shorn away and, in the shearing, the fortunes of Sir Pitt and his elder son suffer most, for which I was sorry, because the eccentric baronet is excellently played by George Hassell. On the other hand, the fool of a Joseph, in the hands of Nigel Bruce, looms as large as his bulk and it is at the beginning of his final wooing that the picture closes. The Becky Sharp of Miriam Hopkins is rather too obvious an adventuress, but Sir Cedric Hardwicke touches the right note with his Marquis of Steyne, and his complexion being sallow the right note is also touched by the camera.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981

NEW RUSSIAN DRAMA
based on Dostoevsky Stories

"ST. PETERSBURG" (A)

and Simone Simon in "LAC AUX DAMES" (A)

THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

The Tasman Sea Air Route

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

THERE is more than meets the eye in the brief cabled announcement that the Australian Minister for Defence has approved in principle the scheme submitted by Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith for a commercial air service between Australia and New Zealand.

Saturday Review readers will recall the recent plea on behalf of airline operators of the two Dominions that the commercial operation of this difficult route should be their prerogative by right of pioneering. It now seems clear that their viewpoint has been accepted by the Australian Government.

It had commonly been thought in London that the commercial development of this dangerous crossing of 1,200 miles of sea, unrelieved by any possible landing-ground, could be considered only in relation to the complete Empire scheme of extended services now being prepared in the hope of its beginning in 1937.

It is officially stated that this scheme has been plotted out only as far as Sydney. Nevertheless, there are a number of people connected with British aviation who will receive with surprise this news of the intended independent action of Australia and New Zealand, apart from their commitments to the Imperial proposals.

The present attitude of the two neighbouring Dominions may mean either that

(1) They are dissatisfied with the rate of progress towards general agreement on the 1937 "Sassoon" scheme for the speedy carriage of all Empire mails at a flat rate; or

(2) Irrespective of their co-operation with the British and other Empire Governments, they prefer to keep in their own hands the inauguration and management of an inter-Dominion route, the hazardous investigation of which has been carried out by Australian pilots.

If the present trend of feeling is maintained, Australia and New Zealand may also fly in the face of the firmly-held British view that this long and frequently rough crossing is, for commercial purposes, one exclusively for flying-boats.

I understand from a highly-placed Australian authority that no definite preference for sea-going aircraft has been expressed, and that the increasing safety factor of multi-engined landplanes induces them to pin their faith to stock models of existing landplanes rather than await the development of long-range flying-boats specially suited to the needs of the service.

In Government circles, the inclination also is to proceed with the most



Mr. Henry Stevens,
Leader of new Canadian Party.

suitable available machines, whether British or American.

This latter point I have found a source of some perturbation to the British aircraft industry. Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith pioneered the Tasman route, which is likely to be the longest regular aerial sea-crossing until the Atlantic is commercially spanned. He has shown a marked preference for American machines. America is interested in the route with a view to linking up with her own trans-oceanic enterprises.

Unless the Governments of the two Dominions change their minds and insist upon British construction, manufacturers here may find themselves confronted with severe competition from a nation which lately has made great strides in sea-going aircraft.

Kitten that made Railway History

CANADA is shortly to celebrate yet another centenary—that of the opening of the first railroad in the Dominion. It covered sixteen miles and bore the dignified title of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad.

A charter for the construction of the line was granted in 1832 and the work was begun three years later. It was opened by Lord Gosport on July 21, 1836.

The line provided portage between the river ports of Laprarie, on the St. Lawrence, and St. John's, on the Richelieu. The rails were of wood with flat, thin bars of iron spiked on.

At first the cars were drawn by horses, but in 1837 the owners brought an engine—which they called "Kitten"—and an engine-driver from England, and a speed of twenty miles an hour was achieved.

A New Canadian Party

By G. Delap Stevenson

HENRY STEVENS, formerly Minister for Trade and Commerce, is the most important of the stormy petrels of Canadian politics. His long quarrel with Mr. Bennett and official Conservatism has now culminated in a complete breach.

Mr. Stevens has set up on his own, with a new party which is to contest every constituency in equal opposition to both Liberals and Conservatives. The war cry is "Reconstruction and Reform," and the appeal is to the small property owner and the worker.

Actual Socialism does not seem to be envisaged, but State interference to curb monopolies and make things easy for the small man is advocated.

Mr. Stevens proposes to put into practice what he has been preaching for the last eighteen months, ever since he first began, while still in the Cabinet, to criticise Canadian business practices, and the famous Price Spreads Commission was set up.

This new move of Mr. Stevens is quite in character. All his life he has always been ready for a new adventure or a bit of a fight.

Temperamentally you might expect him to be an Irishman, but actually his parents were English West Country people, which, of course, does not preclude a touch of the Celt in his make-up. He is English born, his family having come to Canada when he was a boy of ten.

His first experience was the rather Puritanical atmosphere of an Ontario small town, his next of Vancouver, the port where Canada makes her contact with the East. It was not long before he had crossed the Pacific, and in China he saw something of the fighting during the Boxer disturbances. On his return to Canada he settled down as a business man in Vancouver, he became an Alderman and then was elected to the Dominion Parliament.

For many years he was an orthodox Conservative, and was Minister for Trade and Commerce under Meighen in 1921, before he was given the post by Bennett after the last general election.

In spite of the portfolio he held, however, he was never over-complaisant to the business men and manufacturers. During the Ottawa conference, at a manufacturers' luncheon, he gave them what almost amounted to a scolding for not being more ready to meet the British demands. Now, of course, that he has started his new party, the big business man is the main target for his attack.

The Canadian general election is imminent and Mr. Stevens' new party adds another factor to an already complicated situation.

The Conservatives are going into it with Mr. Bennett's industrial legislation behind them. There are, however, elements in the party which dissent from it.

The Liberals, on the other hand, who theoretically should be fighting the Conservatives tooth and nail, have given this legislation only a very half-hearted opposition.

There are various small parties of the Left which would like the reforms to go much further, and finally there is Mr. Stevens, an ex-Conservative Minister, who is taking a line entirely of his own, though he is apparently more in sympathy with the parties of the Left than anyone else.

This confusion of politics is a reflection of the bewilderment which the long depression has brought to many Canadians. Brought up on a creed of optimism, they have grown impatient of the prolonged bad times and are looking in every direction for a possible remedy.

Films for African Natives

SPECIAL films of African life and legend are now being made in Tanganyika. They are being made not for European or American eyes, but for the natives themselves.

The Department of Social and Industrial Research of the International Missionary Council is responsible for the scheme, by which it is hoped to introduce the film as a real factor in the development and education of the natives. A grant of £11,000 by the Carnegie Corporation of New York has made the experiment possible.

Co-operation of experts in Tanganyika is being readily given, and the first real effort in exploring the re-action of the native mind to the latest wonder of Western civilisation is producing interesting results.

One of the I.M.C. experts took with his own camera a film of native life in one village. In another village, he rigged up a temporary screen and showed it. Although he had written a little "human interest" plot, the only real signs of interest shown by the audience was when they noticed one of their fellow tribesmen using a new cooking utensil on the film!

The films which are to be made will include those to amuse, as well as pictures teaching lessons in hygiene, mother-craft, agriculture, and morals.

At first, Major L. Notcutt, chief in charge, will have a hard task to gauge native taste. The first few films will be shown from village to village, and a careful note taken of what pleases the natives. A running accompaniment will be made in six different dialects.

Outside Africa, the films will not be shown, except to occasional audiences of scientists. It is intended that the natives shall have their own cinema, entirely devoid of the love and gangster interests that

characterise so many films of the outside world.

Eventually, every African village of any size may have its cinema, and as the experiment is being made on people as yet unspoiled, it is obvious that the results will be of the utmost importance in giving a pointer as to exactly how far the cinema can be used as a medium of education.

Whips and Scorpions

By Cleland Scott

Nanyuki, Kenya.

AS an expert in chastisement the Kenya Government, backed by the Colonial Office takes a lot of beating.

Instead of doing all in its power to encourage fresh settlement and to assist those already there, Government sits down, thinks out a fresh tax, one more knot in an already petrifying whip, and gives extra rations to its scorpion, the Kenya and Uganda Railway.

For a country in the process of development the railway should be an asset to the farming community, but in Kenya its main idea is not merely to make itself pay but to put by a fat surplus for a rainy day.

With every primary product barely paying its way, heavy transport charges cripple the producer hopelessly. The railway in Kenya is merely a form of indirect taxation.

Rents on farms are by no means low, and a man owning a small acreage, well watered with a good rainfall and good soil, pays the same as, or less than, a man who possesses huge areas consisting of stones and large washouts.

Recently Government has put forward a scheme whereby there will be some reduction, but to take advantage of this a thirty-year grazing lease, useless if one wants to borrow, has to be taken out: those most in need cannot avail themselves of the offer if their farms are already mortgaged.

Even the postage is high, 2½d. for a letter often merely transferred from the collecting box to one rented in the Post Office by the addressee. A letter by air from England to Kenya costs sixpence: one from Kenya to England costs —/65 or 7½d.

There is a heavy duty on every article entering the colony, while every store and hotel is heavily taxed, a small up-country business having to pay as much as a large concern in the capital. Farmers' necessities such as carts and wagons, too, are taxed. An education tax was put on, purely temporary, of course, yet it has never come off.

At a recent sale of Government plots in the business quarter of Nairobi not one was sold because of the ridiculously high Government reserve. Does the Government know or care anything of to-day's values? One result of Government callousness is that a large number of farms are for sale: the rest are staggering under a burden of debt and high taxa-

tion, while the whole country carries a huge loan at high interest.

This may not be of great interest to people at home, but some may wish the Imperial Government had reduced their rate of interest, as a low interest is better than none.

An expensive administration may be all right when things are going well, but when they are not the obvious thing seems to be to reduce expenditure, especially if it is unproductive. England had to cut down and continue the process, so why not Kenya? The domestic exports have declined by nearly two million since 1930, yet the economies effected are small, to say the least.

Prophetess with Honour in her own Country

A VERY remarkable woman is now in London—a woman whose prophecies, based on unassailable facts and a lifetime of experience, influence millions of dollars every year.

She is Dr. Cora Hind, of Winnipeg, whose uncanny facilities for estimating the quantity of Canada's successive grain harvests has won for her a unique place in the agricultural world!

More than thirty years ago—Dr. Hind, incidentally, looks twenty years short of her seventy odd summers—while a journalist in the Prairie Provinces she was given a chance of estimating the wheat crop for her paper.

She seized the opportunity, applied her own simple methods of travelling the wheatfields herself with her notebook and a huge fund of technical knowledge and common-sense, and gave her figure at 55,000,000 bushels. The experts said it would be 35,000,000.

Cora Hind was only a million bushels out.

Now the entire market awaits her decisions; she has been honoured by the University authorities; she and the Prince of Wales share the distinction of honorary membership of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists.

For years she advocated the creation of an outlet for Western Canada produce to the Old Country through Hudson's Bay. She and her compatriots won the day. Port Churchill came into being, cutting down the distance between Winnipeg and Liverpool by hundreds of miles—and Cora Hind, at the age of seventy, was the first woman to make the trip by the new route!

Imperial Opinions

"We are being carried by the mines to-day, but we cannot continue this for ever. The time will come when agriculture will have to carry the burden."—Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, South African Union Minister of the Interior.

The New Issue Boom

(By Our City Editor)

CONDITIONS have now arrived at the stage when it may be genuinely said that there is a "boom" in new issues of capital. Almost every day a prospectus is advertised in the Press and each week-end there is a positive shoal of offers of shares mainly in mining and industrial ventures. It cannot be denied that one or two attractive offers have been made in the past few months, but there are also a number of shares which have come before the public which should never have been allowed to do so and, as practically all the new issues are quickly over-subscribed, it is obvious that a number of investors have become involved in what are, to say the least of it, highly speculative undertakings.

Building issues have been definitely overdone. Every company which has any claims to be considered a reputable manufacturer of bricks, tiles and cement, must by now have made a public issue unless, indeed, it is sufficiently prosperous to warrant its continuance as a private concern. Property issues have become unpopular since they are made as a rule, on a yield basis and the public will not subscribe for a share on which there is little chance of capital appreciation. Then again, a number of concerns are making issues of capital to the public which cannot hope for any return upon their shares for at least eighteen months or two years. Surely, in such cases, the concerns should be privately financed until the profit-earning stage has been reached.

It is true that the public is primarily to blame for going bald-headed for anything offering a chance of capital appreciation—this is the effect of "cheap money," gilt-edged returns of under 3 per cent., and income tax at 4s. 6d. in the £—but the attitude of the Stock Exchange Committee in allowing dealings in all these strange issues is difficult to understand. A little while ago, it appeared that the Committee had set its face against speculation and permission to deal was refused in the case of a number of possibly purely speculative new shares. But in the past few months almost anything is dealt in automatically. It is up to the once bitten investor to show that he is at least once shy!

Courtaulds Dividend Shock

The interim dividend of Courtaulds at $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., free of tax against $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. a year ago, creates a

good impression at first sight but the directors have issued a most sobering statement to the effect that the outlook in America is not encouraging and a total dividend in excess of last year's rate ($7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. free of tax) is not warranted by the present trading position. The shares fell sharply from 50s. 6d. to 55s. 6d. on this announcement for the market had been following closely the figures of British rayon production in which there have recently been records. Even now the £1 shares of Courtaulds yield less than $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. gross or about £2 14s. net, a ridiculous return on an industrial, even allowing for the surprises which the directors have sprung in the past. Courtaulds form one of the most powerful examples of a share valued on prospects.

"Johnnies" Dividend

Though profits of Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company for the year ended June 30 last are rather lower at £1,142,000, the directors are able to maintain the dividend and bonus at 8s. and 1s. per share respectively, making 20 per cent. for the year in all. Naturally in the case of a mining finance company a large portion of the profits is received from share transactions and the directors of "Johnnies" are putting a further £350,000 to reserve from this source, £450,000 being so allocated a year ago. Reserve now amounts to £2,300,000 against an issued capital of £3,950,000. The shares at 70s. yield over $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., still a fairly attractive return having regard to the chance of capital appreciation.

Booth's Distilleries

Further progress was made last year by the go-ahead Booth's Distilleries Company which made profits of £65,096 after all provisions, against £80,959 in the previous year. The directors have placed £10,000 to special advertising reserve and the ordinary dividend is increased from 6 to $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for the year, leaving the amount to be carried forward £11,000 higher at £25,852. Substantial expansion in home and export sales is reported and during the year the company has acquired the business of an important Leith firm. The preference share issue made in this connection is reflected in the balance sheet and the application of share premiums to writing down the goodwill of the W. Sanderson business recently acquired gives the balance sheet a strong appearance.

Tin and Pepper

Cash tin continues in short supply through the backwardation on three months' metal has narrowed somewhat—it is still nearly £7 per ton—owing to official support of the forward position. Meanwhile the affairs of James and Shakespeare Ltd.—the leading firm in the pepper trouble recently—have again been dragged into the limelight by the publication of the Official Receiver's report. This document makes some pertinent observations upon the issue of the company's prospectus and the apparent purpose of the issue, but we have yet to learn whether any further action is to be taken thereon.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Total Assets £50,890,000

Total Income exceeds £10,476,000

LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH: 64, Princes Street

What Is Good Racing Value?

By David Learmonth

THE Eclipse Stakes, as most people know, is the most valuable race of the year in England, the stakes exceeding those in any of the Classics. In this respect it may be likened to the Grand Prix, though here the similarity ends except that both races have produced some surprises.

It is, however, worthy of note that whereas our most valuable race is run over a mile and a quarter, that in France is run over a mile and three-quarters. Naturally, when the conditions of these races were originally framed they were designed to attract the highest class of entry; the difference in distance is, therefore, an excellent illustration of the viewpoint of racing folk in the two countries.

The Eclipse stakes is for three-year-olds and four-year-olds, the Grand Prix for three-year-olds only. Moreover the Grand Prix is run nearly a month earlier in the season when one would expect many of the three-year-olds to be less developed. The disparity in distances is, on this account, even greater than it appears on paper.

Different Interpretations

So far as the racecourse executives are concerned, the conditions of both races are justified, for both have caught the imaginations of their respective publics. Nevertheless, there are those who would like to see such a valuable and outstanding English event a greater test of stamina.

From the point of view of the general public the French and British outlooks are merely two different interpretations of what is good value for money. The Frenchman considers that he is getting more entertainment if the race is a long one because it takes longer to run and he is consequently given fuller measure. The Englishman,

on the other hand, prefers quality which, in his eyes, involves a close finish. He has an idea that races run over a distance are less likely to provide this particular form of thrill than middle distance events.

This is, in my opinion, an erroneous idea. I have seen as thrilling finishes in events such as the Goodwood Cup as in a five furlong sprint. Nor is there any comparison between a close finish in a short or middle distance event and one over a distance of ground. In the latter case one is treated to a feast of gruelling endeavour. The issue is often in doubt far from the post and one can say with honesty after the event that one has been served with full measure of the real stuff. So, though a statistician might prove that a higher percentage of short and middle distance events result in short head victories, a close finish after a distance of ground has been covered is so much more satisfying that it more than makes up for being slightly less frequent.

Unlike the Grand Prix, the Eclipse Stakes has seldom provided large fields or even fields of average classic size. It has, on the other hand, provided many epic struggles between the best horses in the country and, though backers have experienced some shocks on occasions, as when Sceptre succumbed to Ard Patrick and, to a lesser degree last year, when Windsor Lad was most unluckily beaten, it has seldom, if ever, been won by a really bad horse. Ard Patrick, for example, though Sceptre was considered unbeatable, was a real smasher.

On the other hand the Grand Prix has been won by some miserable animals and backers of the favourite often experience a rude shock.

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